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ACE
Magazine

INDIAN BRAVES

1951

JULY
10¢

... BUT AT THAT MOMENT, WHEN EVERY-
THING SEEMED HOPELESS FOR THE BAN-
DIT'S VICTIMS, LIKE A CHARGING PANTHER
LEAPED THE MIGHTY INDIAN BRAVE --
GREEN ARROWHEAD!

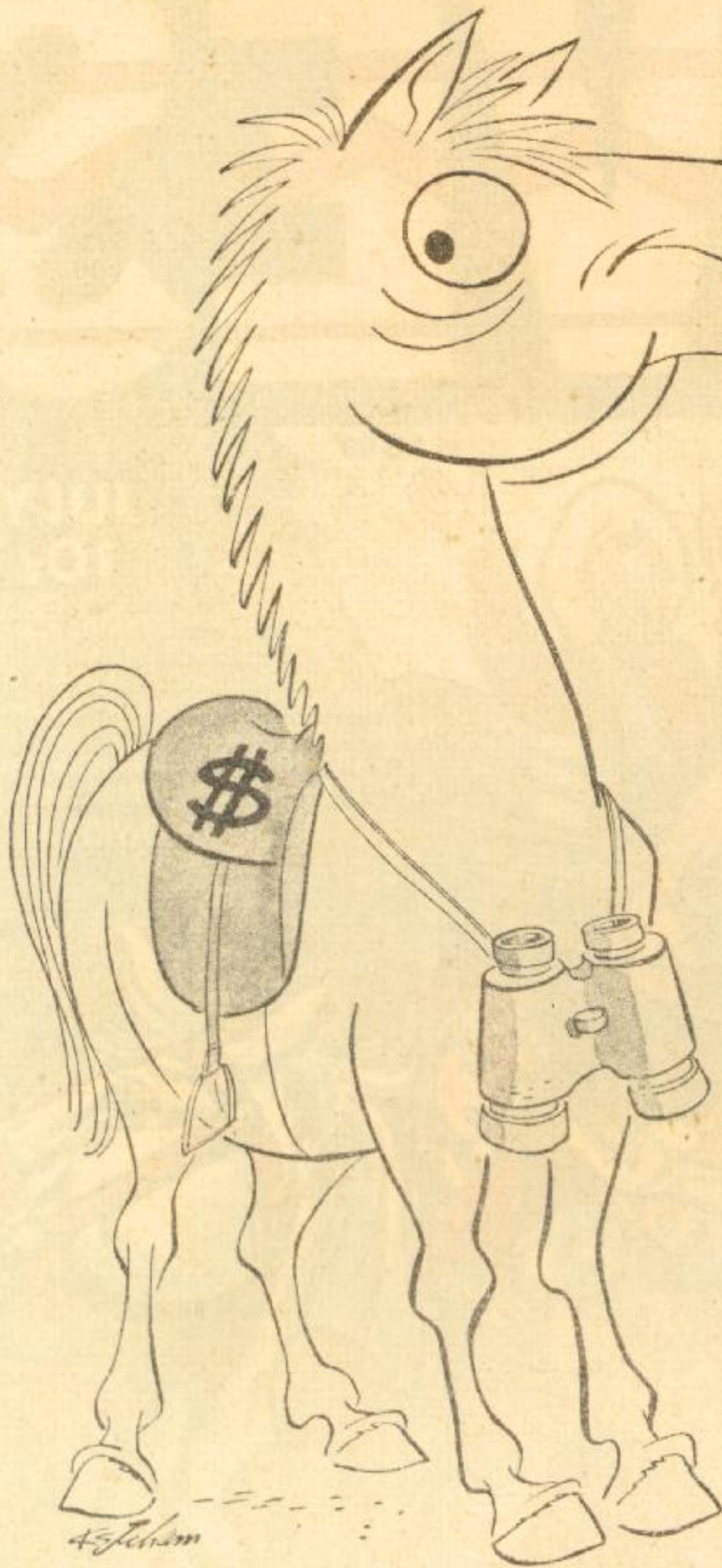
BIG BROTHER TO LITTLE BEAR

*and other exciting
Indian stories*



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"There's no such animal," he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a *sure thing* I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It *automatically* wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse...?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today.

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds *automatically* from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds

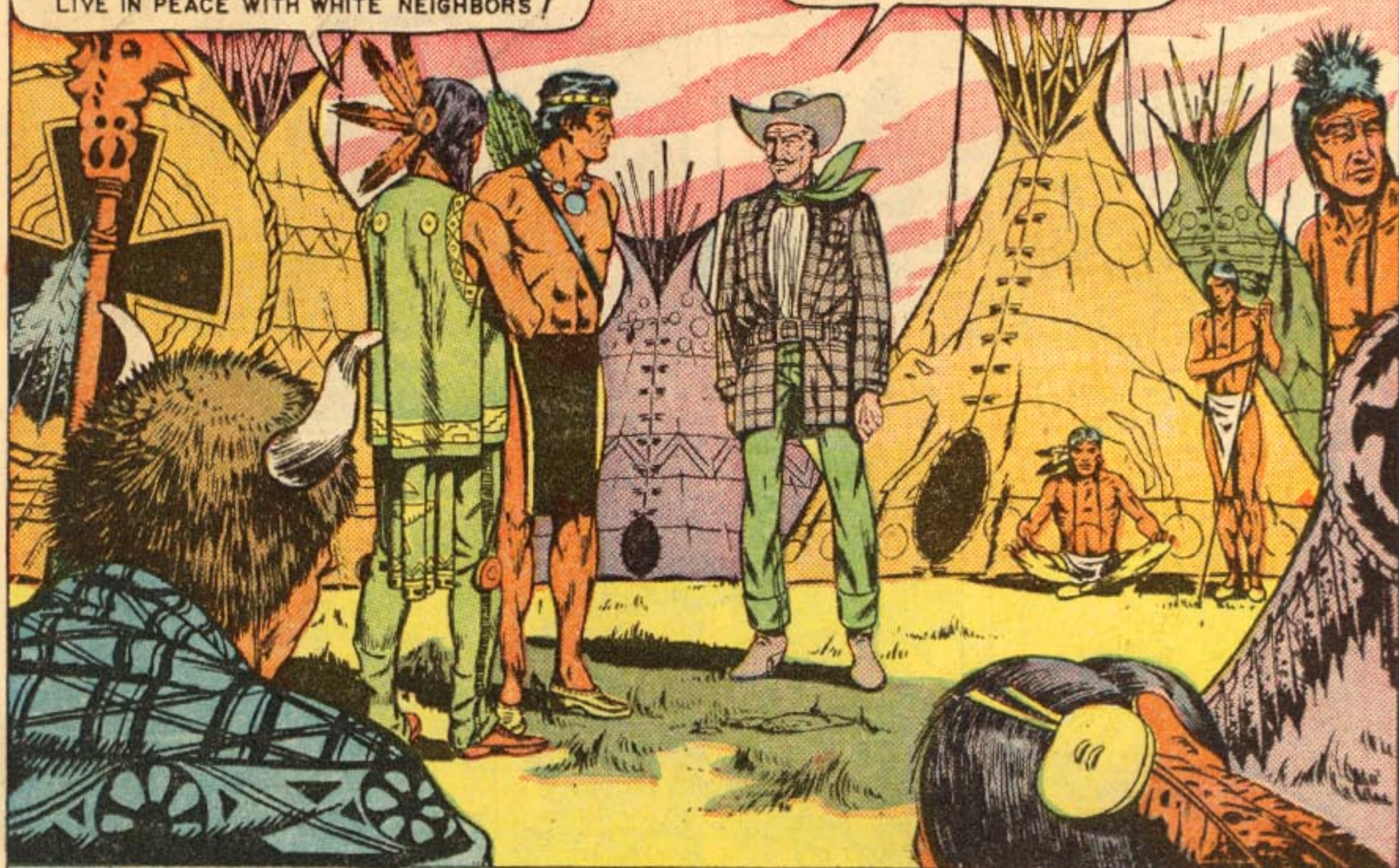


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GREEN ARROWHEAD ⁱⁿ BIG BROTHER ^{to} LITTLE BEAR

CHOCTAW KNOW YOU, SAM MORGAN, GOOD INDIAN FRIEND / WE LEASE LAND TO YOU FOR GRAZING YOUR SHEEP / CHOCTAW WANT TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH WHITE NEIGHBORS /

THANKS, CHIEF BOLD EAGLE / I PLEDGE NOT TO HARM YOUR BUFFALO HERDS AND I'LL KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR HUNTING RANGE /



THE BITTER CLASH BETWEEN SHEEPHERDER AND CATTLEMEN LEFT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE. CATTLE COULDN'T FEED WHERE SHEEP HAD CLOSE-CROPPED THE GRAZING LANDS AND CATTLEMEN WERE SLOWLY PUSHING THE SHEEPRANGERS BACK INTO THE HILLS. IN CHOCTAW TERRITORY, SAM MORGAN, LONG TIME INDIAN FRIEND, WAS HAVING A TOUGH TIME HOLDING HIS INDIAN-LEASED LANDS FROM A PREDATORY CATTLEBARON, RUFÉ BRODERICK. AND RIDING INTO THE BREACH TO AVENGE A WANTON MURDER, CAME THE LONE INDIAN CRUSADER, GREEN ARROWHEAD, FAMED FOR THE KEENNESS AND SWIFTNESS OF HIS GREEN-TIPPED ARROWS OF JUSTICE...

FAREWELL! THE GOOD WISHES OF GREEN ARROWHEAD AND HIS CHOCTAW BROTHERS GO WITH YOU!



THIS IS GOOD AGREEMENT YOU HAVE MADE WITH OUR WHITE FRIEND, MY BROTHER! IT IS AS OUR DEAD CHIEFTAIN FATHER GALLANT HAWK WOULD HAVE WISHED!

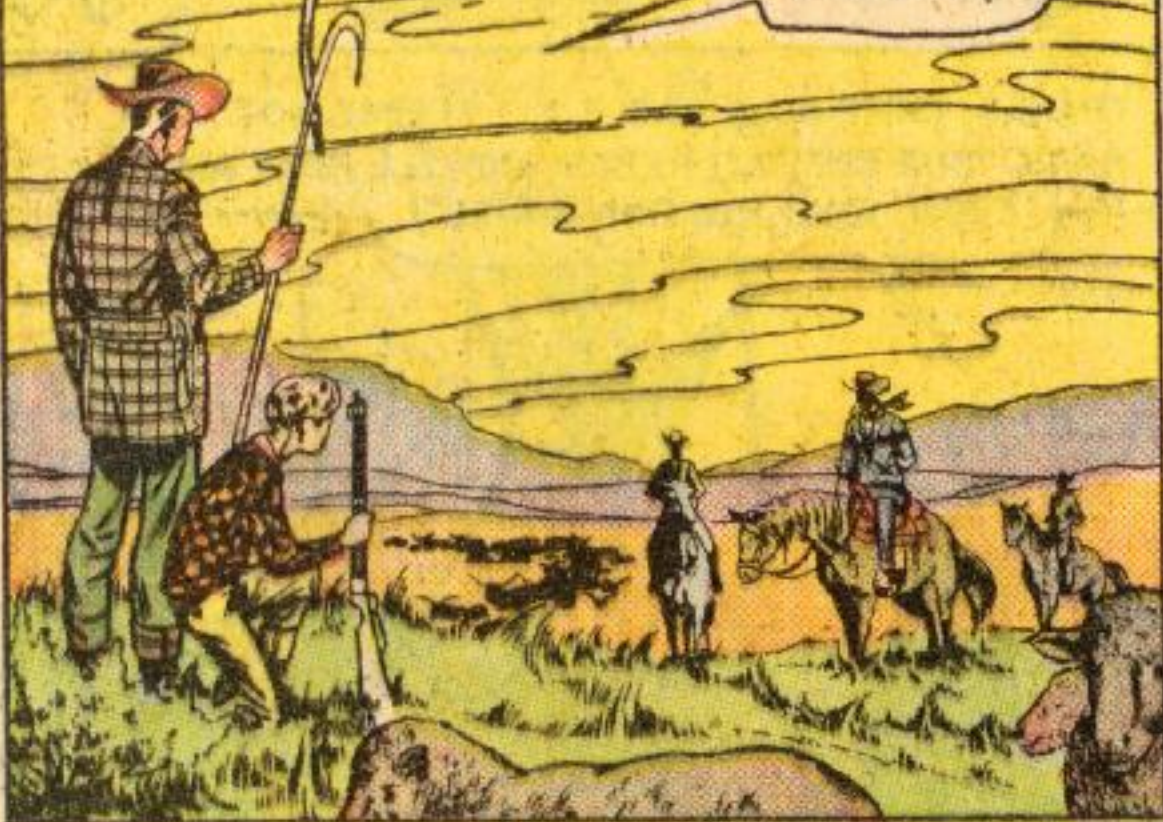
MAY NOTHING EVER DISTURB THE PEACE OF OUR SIMPLE LIVES!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

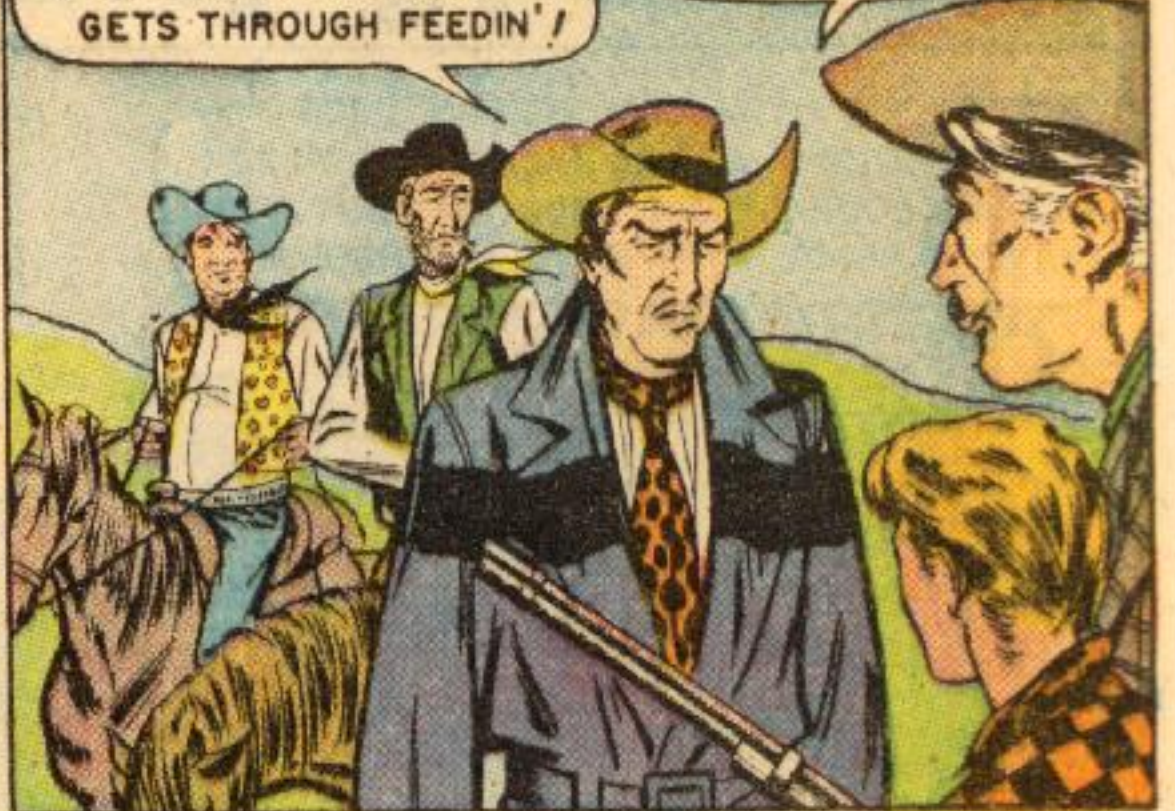
POP, HERE COMES THAT LOWDOWN SNEAK CATTLEMAN, RUFFE BRODERICK. IS THERE GOIN' TO BE TROUBLE, POP?

I DON'T KNOW, SON, BUT HE'S PUSHIN' ME TOO HARD AND THERE'S BOUND TO BE AN EXPLOSION ONE DAY!



MORGAN, I'M GIVIN' YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO GET THOSE DANGED WOOLIE CRITTERS OUTER HERE. THERE AIN'T A NIBBLE LEFT FOR MY COWS WHEN YOUR MUTTON GETS THROUGH FEEDIN'!

THIS LAND BELONGS TO THE CHOCTAWS WHO LEASED IT TO ME! IT'S YOU WHO DON'T BELONG HERE! I AIN'T GETTIN' OUT!



YOU CAN BULLDOZE THEM CATTLE, BUT NOT SAM MORGAN!

OOF!



LOOK OUT, POP! HE'S PULLING A GUN!

OOH!



SANDY WENT HAYWIRE WHEN HE SAW HIS FATHER SHOT...

I'LL KILL YOU, YOU MEAN POLECAT, PULLING A GUN ON MY DAD, WHEN HE AIN'T EVEN ARMED!

HEY! LAY OFF, YOU LITTLE WILD CAT! STOP HIM, BOYS!



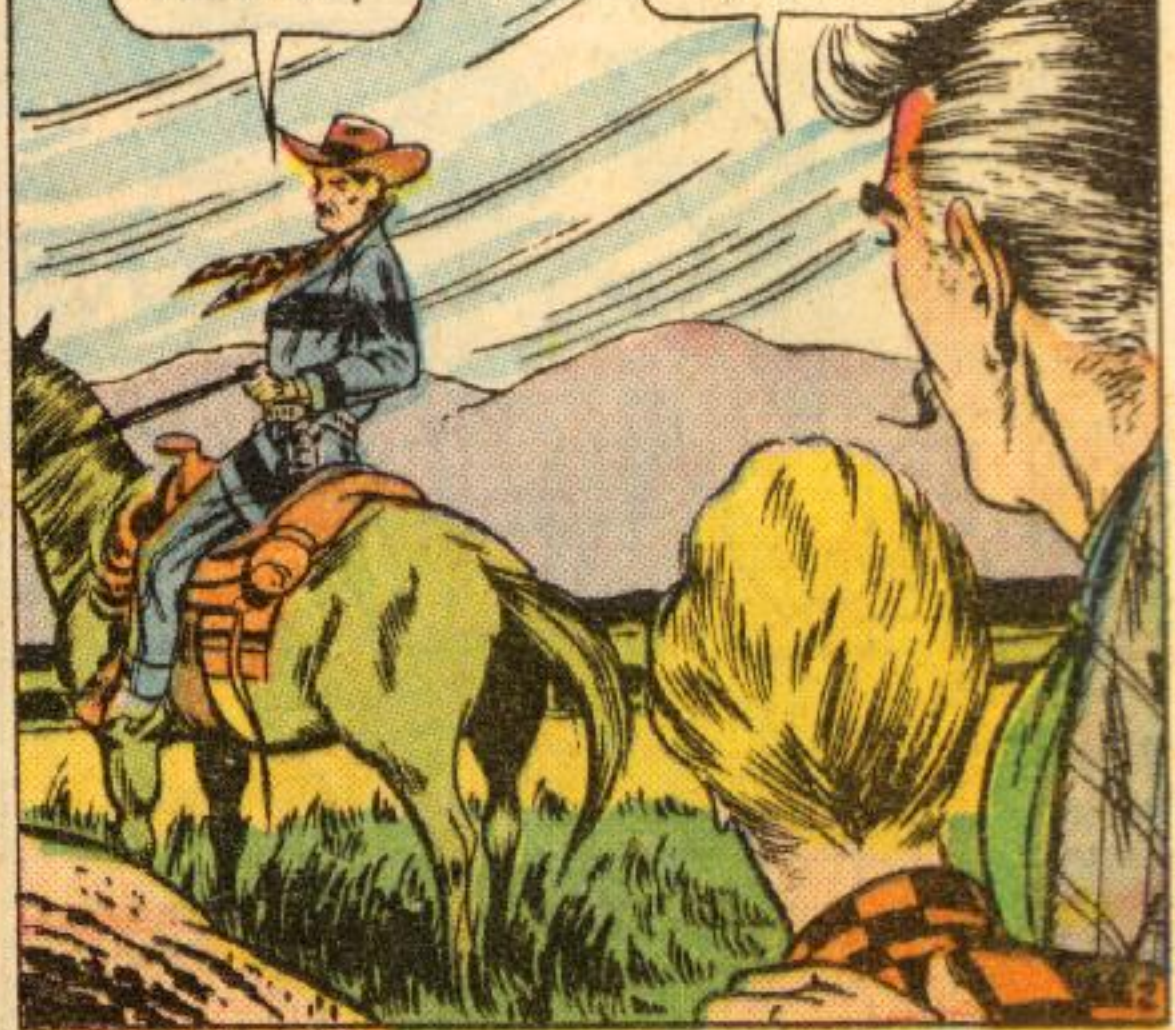
CALL YOUR BOY OFF, MORGAN! W-WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE. DON'T LET HIM FIRE THAT RIFLE!

SANDY, DON'T! I ONLY GOT NICKED! HOLD UP YOUR RIFLE, SON!



I'LL BE BACK, MORGAN! NEXT TIME, I WON'T PALAVER!

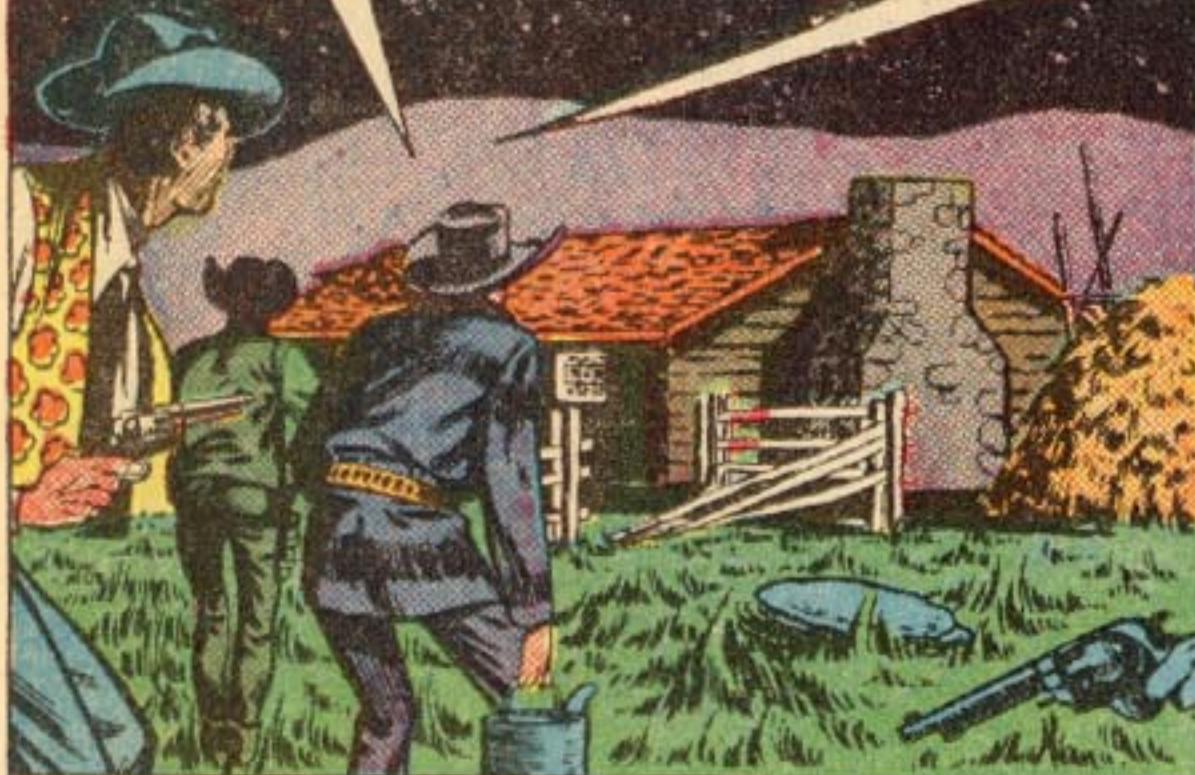
AN' WE'LL BE READY FOR YOU, YOU DIRTY VARMIN'T!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN THE SHADOW OF THE MORGAN HOMESTEAD...

THE MORGANS HAVE GONE TO TOWN TO HAUL BACK SUPPLIES! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO BURN 'EM OUT, BOYS!

YEAH, THERE'LL BE NO MORE WOOLIES TO MESS WITH YOUR HERD AFTER THIS, RUFE!



SHE'S LIT! ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FAST! IT'LL BE A BONFIRE IN A FEW MINUTES!



BUT AS THE FLAMES ROARED SKYWARD, A LONE RIDER CAME ON THE SCENE — GREEN ARROWHEAD!

BY OUR SACRED TOTEM, THE MORGAN HOME IS IN FLAMES! FLY, WILDHEART! WE MUST TRY TO SAVE THEM!



THIS SMELLS OF TREACHERY! THE HOUSE BURNS SO FAST... AND THIS CAN OF KEROSENE... HO! A CRY OF HELP!



(COUGH) (COUGH) — MY MOM AND POP ARE IN THERE! YOU MUST SAVE THEM!

AS SOON AS YOU ARE SAFE!



THE RESCUE WASN'T A MOMENT TOO SOON, FOR SUDDENLY...

BACK! THE ROOF FALLS IN! IT IS A DEATH TRAP!

MY MOM AND POP CAN'T GET OUT! PLEASE SAVE THEM! OH!



MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN HAD CLAIMED TWO VICTIMS AND AN ORPHAN WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE WORLD...

W-WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE ME? WHY COULDN'T MOM AND POP HAVE BEEN SAVED! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE ANYMORE EITHER!

COME, SANDY, YOUR FATHER WAS A GOOD MAN — A BRAVE MAN! YOU MUST NOT SPEAK LIKE THIS! YOU MUST GROW UP TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS!



WHEN SANDY'S GRIEF HAD BEEN QUIETED...

COME, SANDY, THE MORNING LIGHT IS HERE ALREADY! WE WILL RIDE TO MY VILLAGE!

I DON'T CARE WHERE I GO, BUT I'M GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HUNTING THE MEN WHO KILLED MY FOLKS!



LATER, IN THE CHOCTAW VILLAGE...

AIE! A BRUTAL, FIENDISH MURDER! THE MORGANS WERE OUR FRIENDS. WE MUST HELP THIS BOY!

YES, BROTHER! I PROPOSE WE KEEP HIM IN THE TRIBE WITH OUR OWN YOUNG ONES! WHEN HE IS OF AGE, WE CAN ADOPT HIM! HE IS A BRAVE ONE!



SANDY NURSED HIS GRIEF AND REMAINED SULLEN...

COME, WHITE BROTHER, WE GO TO THE RIVER TO FISH AND SWIM! COME JOIN US!

NAW, LEAVE ME ALONE! I JUST WANT TO SIT HERE BY MYSELF!



SANDY, THIS LITTLE PONY NEEDS A RIDER! I WAS GOING HUNTING! WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE WITH ME?

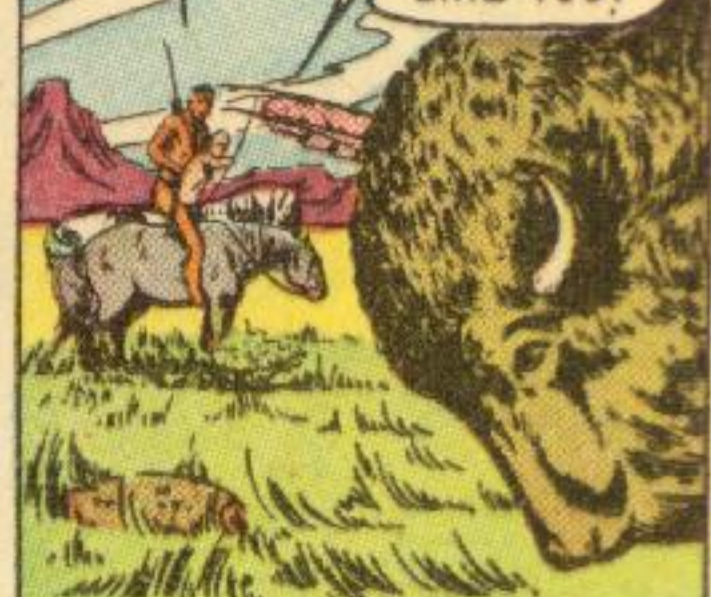
YOU MEAN I COULD RIDE THAT PONY, GREEN ARROWHEAD?



IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE HUNT, SANDY BEGAN TO THRILL TO HIS NEW LIFE...

THERE! SEE! YOU HAVE SCORED A DIRECT HIT! THE BUFFALO IS WOUNDED!

AND WITH ONE OF YOUR ARROWS! THIS IS GREAT, GREEN ARROWHEAD. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL BE ABLE TO SHOOT LIKE YOU!



THREE YEARS PASSED AND WHEN SANDY WAS THIRTEEN...

"A CHOCTAW BRAVE MUST BE FAITHFUL TO HIS TRIBE AND HONOR HIS CHIEF. HE MUST STAND AS ONE WITH HIS BROTHERS."

YOU HAVE LEARNED WELL THE CHOCTAW CODE, MY SON! NEXT COMES YOUR HUNTING TEST, BEFORE YOU ARE INITIATED AS A BLOOD BROTHER!



GOT HIM! NOW TO BRING THIS BACK TO THE CHIEF'S COUNCIL!



A GOOD KILL AND
CLEANLY SHOT,
RIGHT IN THE
THROAT!

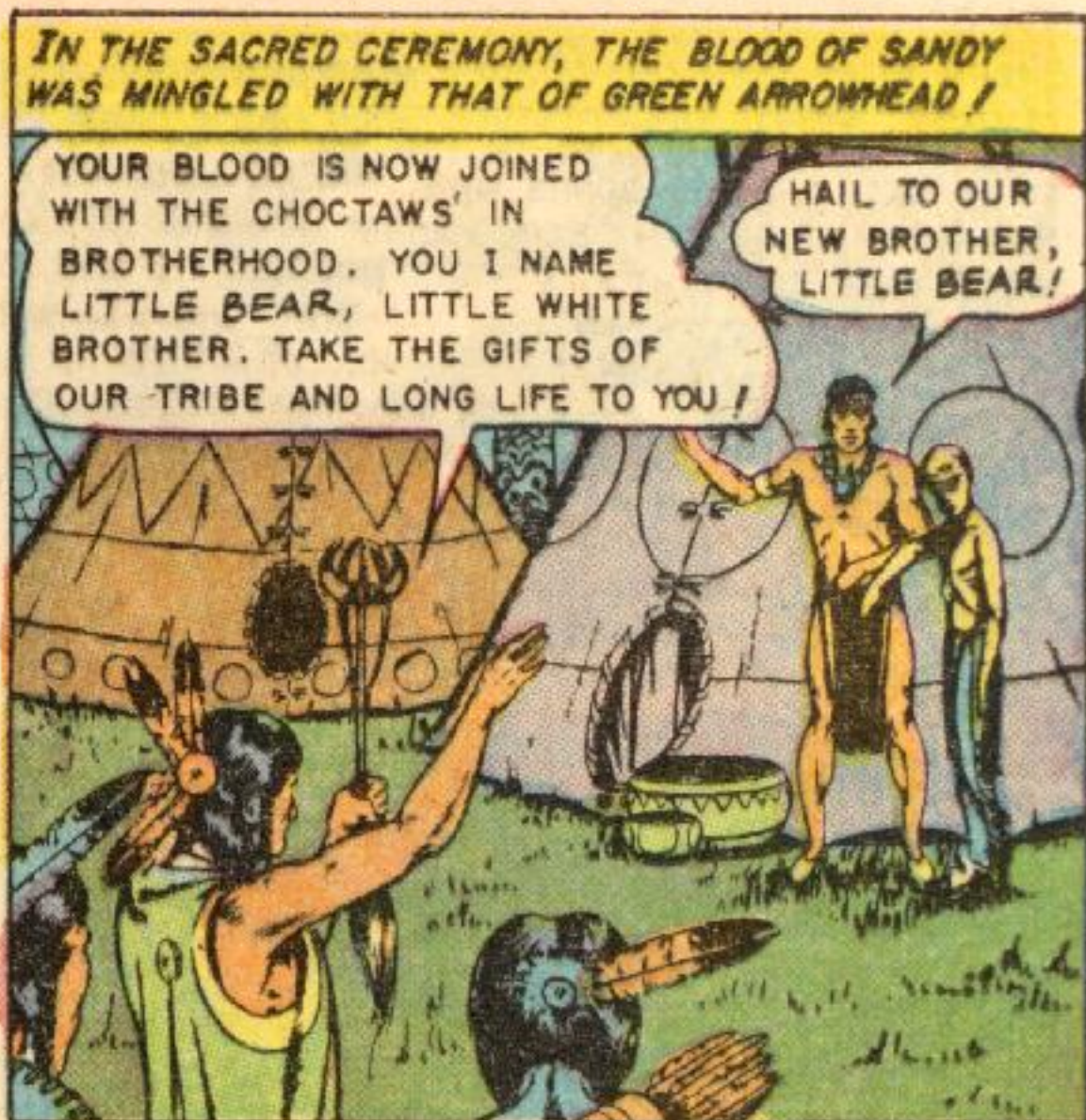
HE IS A BRAVE ONE, WORTHY
OF MEMBERSHIP IN OUR TRIBE!
WE WILL PROCEED WITH THE
INITIATION RITES TONIGHT.



IN THE SACRED CEREMONY, THE BLOOD OF SANDY
WAS MINGLED WITH THAT OF GREEN ARROWHEAD!

YOUR BLOOD IS NOW JOINED
WITH THE CHOCTAWS' IN
BROTHERHOOD. YOU I NAME
LITTLE BEAR, LITTLE WHITE
BROTHER. TAKE THE GIFTS OF
OUR TRIBE AND LONG LIFE TO YOU!

HAIL TO OUR
NEW BROTHER,
LITTLE BEAR!



A FEW MONTHS LATER, WHILE HUNTING...

I ONLY WOUNDED HIM,
GREEN ARROWHEAD! I
NEED MORE ARROWS!

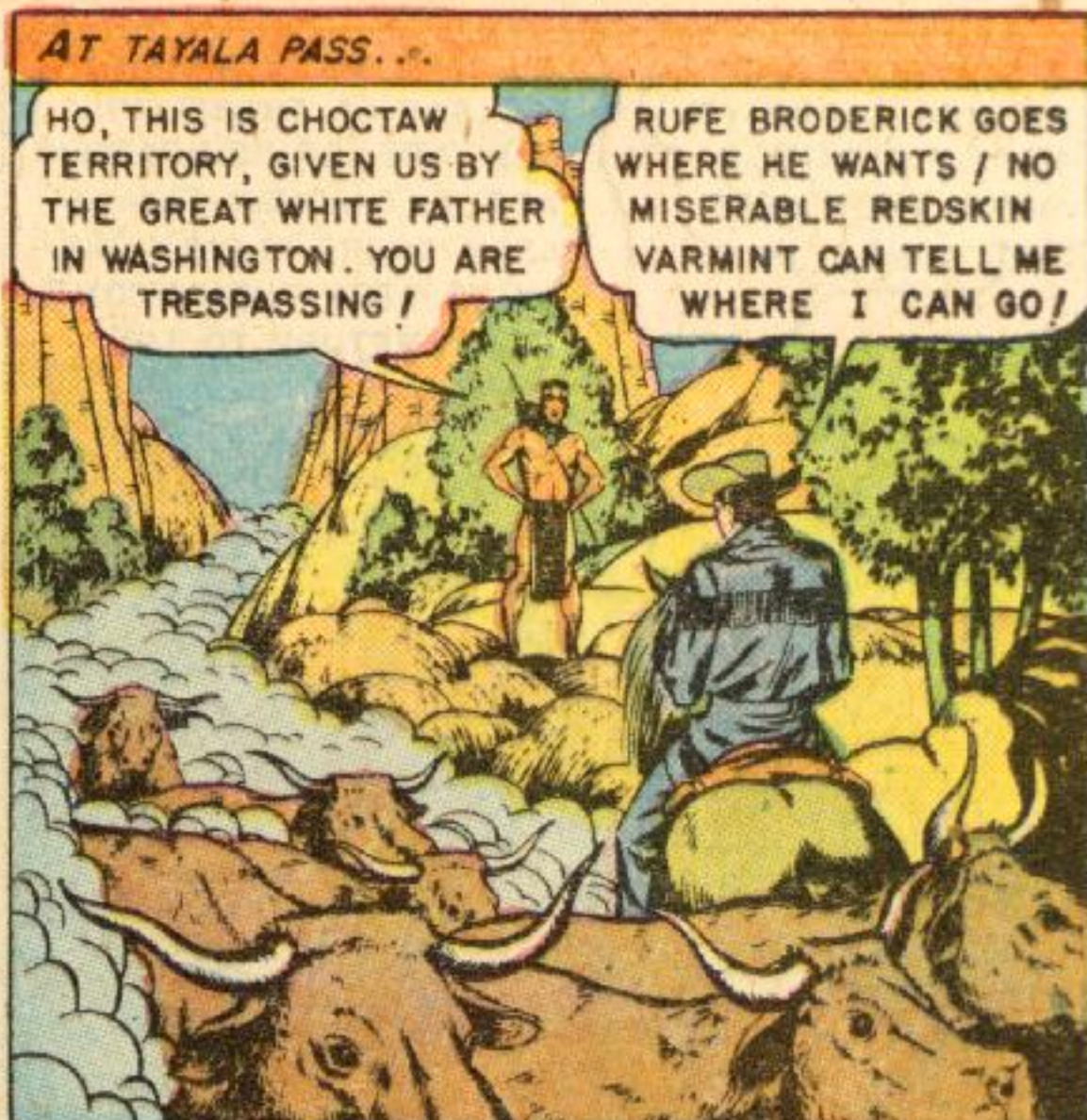
HERE ARE SOME OF MINE,
GO, MAKE YOUR KILL! I'LL
CHASE THE REST OF
THEM TOWARD TAYALA
PASS!



AT TAYALA PASS...

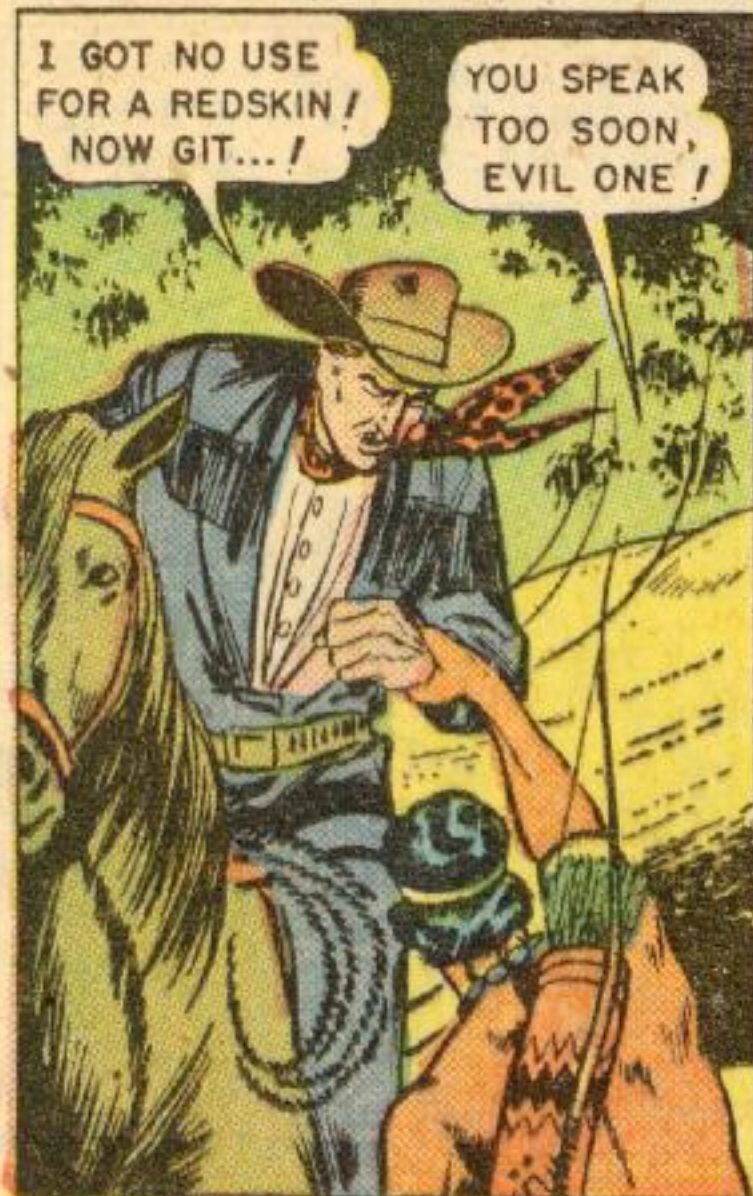
HO, THIS IS CHOCTAW
TERRITORY, GIVEN US BY
THE GREAT WHITE FATHER
IN WASHINGTON. YOU ARE
TRESPASSING!

RUFÉ BRODERICK GOES
WHERE HE WANTS / NO
MISERABLE REDSKIN
VARMINT CAN TELL ME
WHERE I CAN GO!



I GOT NO USE
FOR A REDSKIN!
NOW GIT...!

YOU SPEAK
TOO SOON,
EVIL ONE!



YOU ARE STILL TRESPASSING!
YOU MUST TAKE YOUR
CATTLE BACK!

OOF!



UGH!

GOOD WORK, BASSET!
WE'LL STAKE THIS CRIT-
TER'S BODY OUT WHERE
WE SAW THAT MOUNTAIN
CAT'S CAVE!



LATER, NEAR THE CAVE OF SOME MOUNTAIN LIONS...

AH! THEY HAVE LEFT ME TO THE GIANT CATS! THESE BONDS WILL NOT GIVE! IF ONLY MY BARE HANDS WERE FREE TO FIGHT!



SUDDENLY, THE TWANG OF A BOW WAS HEARD!

LITTLE BEAR! WHITE BROTHER, MAY THE CHOCTAW FIRE GODS BLESS YOU!



I SAW RUFÉ AND HIS MEN CARRY YOU HERE! I WAITED UNTIL THEY WERE GONE!

YOU CAME NOT A SECOND TOO SOON! THESE EVIL MEN ARE BRINGING THEIR CATTLE THROUGH TAYALA PASS! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THEM! COME, LET US RETURN TO THE VILLAGE!



LATER...

WE WILL DRIVE THE BUFFALO HERD THROUGH TAYALA PASS AND STAMPEDE THE CATTLE! NEVER AGAIN WILL THE WHITE MEN RETURN!



IN TAYALA PASS...

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE INJUNS ARE STAMPEDIN' THE COWS!



YAHH! SAVE ME!

YOU ARE NOT WORTHY TO BE SAVED, BUT I CANNOT SEE YOU DIE!



YOU'RE SAM MORGAN'S SON. HOW COME YOU'RE RIDIN' WITH THESE INJUNS?

MY FOLKS WERE BURNED TO DEATH WHEN OUR HOME WAS SET ON FIRE BY SOME VARMINT AND I SUSPECT IT WAS RUFÉ AND HIS MEN! MAYBE YOU, TOO!





The AMERICAN INDIAN

HISTORIC INCIDENTS #5

IN 1790, TECUMSEH, INDIAN CHIEF OF THE SHAWNEE TRIBE, ORGANIZED A POWERFUL FEDERATION THAT INCLUDED ALL THE TRIBES EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AND FROM THE CAROLINAS TO THE GREAT LAKES. WITH HIS POWER, TECUMSEH HINDERED THE AMERICAN NATION FROM GROWING!



TWENTY YEARS LATER, TECUMSEH MET WITH WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, GOVERNOR OF THE INDIANA TERRITORY, AND SIGNED A PEACE TREATY TO PREVENT INDIAN UPRISING. BUT A YEAR LATER, THE TREATY WAS BROKEN AND IN A BATTLE THAT FOLLOWED, THE INDIANS WERE BEATEN AND THEIR FEDERATION SMASHED...



IN JANUARY, 1778, AFTER MANY BLOODY ENCOUNTERS WITH THE SHAWNEES, DANIEL BOONE WAS CAPTURED AND BROUGHT BEFORE CHIEF BLACK FISH...

I'VE KILLED MANY OF YOUR TRIBESMEN IN THE PAST, BLACK FISH! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL TORTURE ME?

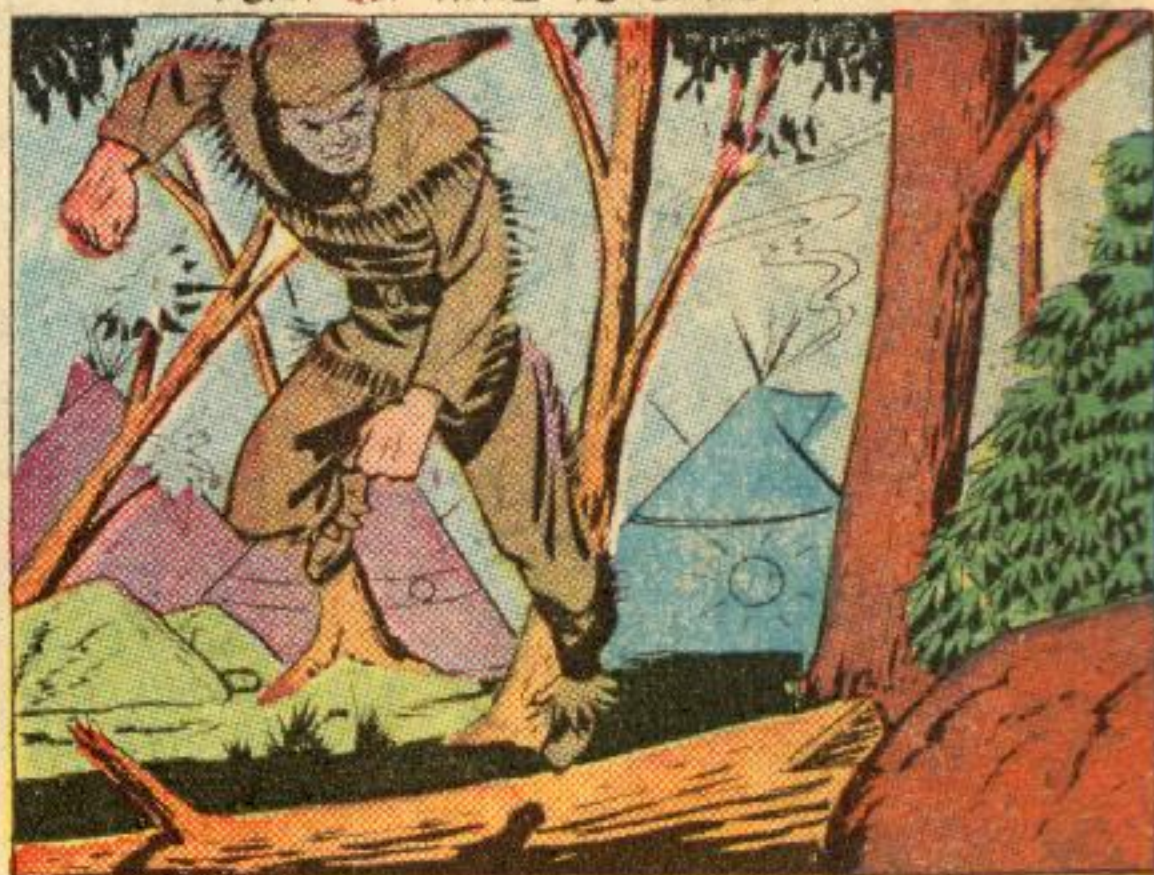
NO, GREAT WHITE WARRIOR! IT IS A CRIME TO SLAY ONE SO BRAVE AS YOU! I SHALL ADOPT YOU AS MY SON!



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK KEPT MANY FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS FROM DESTRUCTION BY INDIANS! HE WOULD BRING AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES DOWN THE OHIO RIVER INTO KENTUCKY BY FLATBOAT, MANY TIMES HAVING TO FIGHT OFF SAVAGE INDIAN ATTACKS...



LIVING AS AN INDIAN FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, BOONE BIDE HIS TIME UNTIL, LEARNING OF A PLANNED SHAWNEE ATTACK ON BOONESBOROUGH, HE EFFECTED HIS ESCAPE AND WARNED THE FORT IN TIME TO SAVE IT...



ONE OF THE BLOODIEST WARS BETWEEN INDIAN AND WHITE MAN TOOK PLACE IN NORTH AMERICA, IN 1759. CHIEF PONTIAC ORGANIZED A WAR PARTY AND ATTACKED NEIGHBORING FORTS AND SETTLEMENTS WITH SUCCESS. BUT WHEN PONTIAC ATTACKED FORT DETROIT, HE WAS DEFEATED BY A STRONG BRITISH ARMY...



The HATRED of Spitting Snake

SPITTING SNAKE FOUND NO CONTENTMENT IN PEACE, IN RESERVATION LIFE. HE DREAMED BOLD DREAMS OF LEADING AN INVINCIBLE HORDE OF INDIANS AGAINST THE U.S. ARMY AND VANQUISHING THEM. HE ALSO DREAMED OF THE DAY WHEN JOHN THUNDERCLOUD, WHO STOOD FOR PEACE, WOULD BE DEAD. WHEN BOTH SPITTING SNAKE'S DREAMS WERE READY TO COME TRUE, NEITHER HIS JOY NOR HIS MURDEROUS MADNESS KNEW ANY BOUNDS, AS HE PREPARED TO TAKE HIS REVENGE!



WE MUST DRIVE THE WHITES BACK TO THE EAST! WE HAVE BECOME SOFT AND WEAK, CONTENT TO LET THE PALEFACES STEP ALL OVER US! I SAY FIGHT THEM TO THE DEATH!

NO, NO, SPITTING SNAKE! THIS IS THE COUNSEL OF MADNESS! YOU WILL DESTROY SIOUX AND WHITE MAN ALIKE IN YOUR MAD LUST FOR POWER!

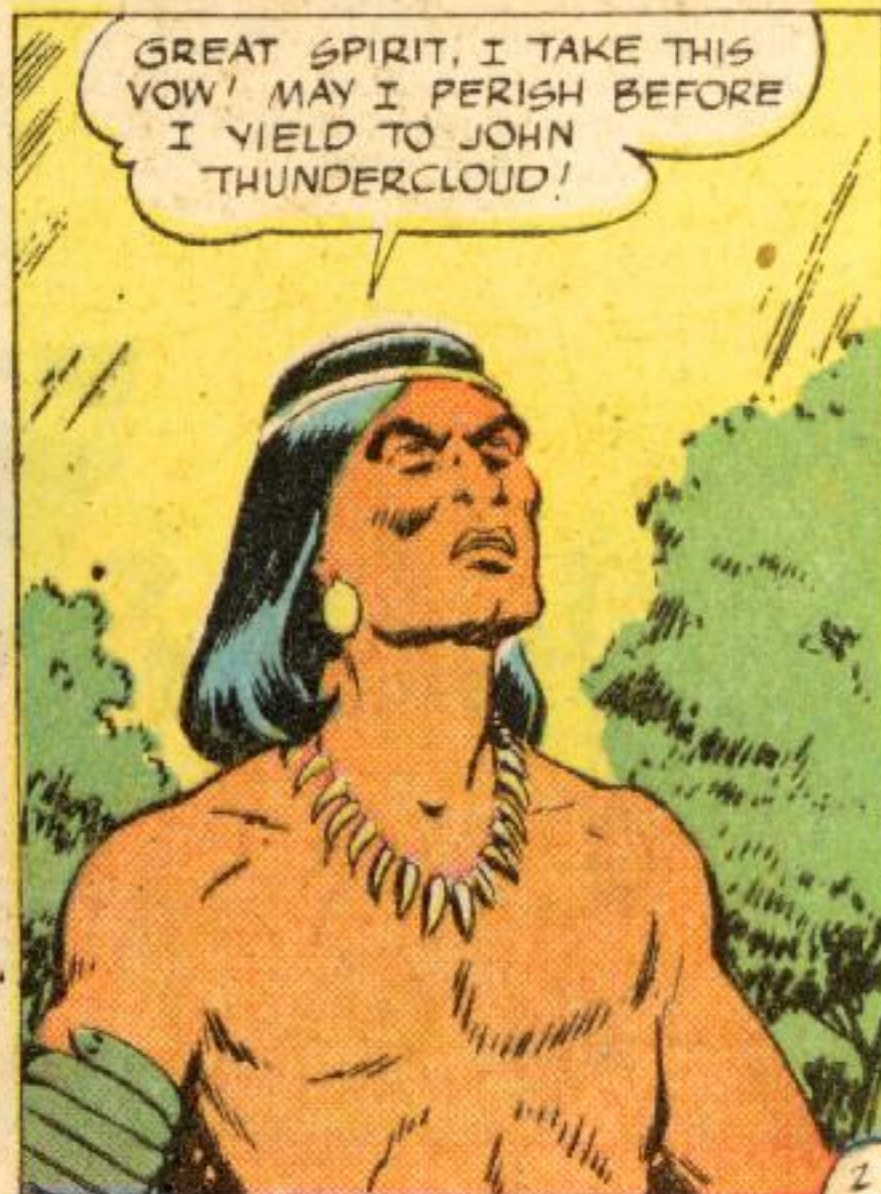
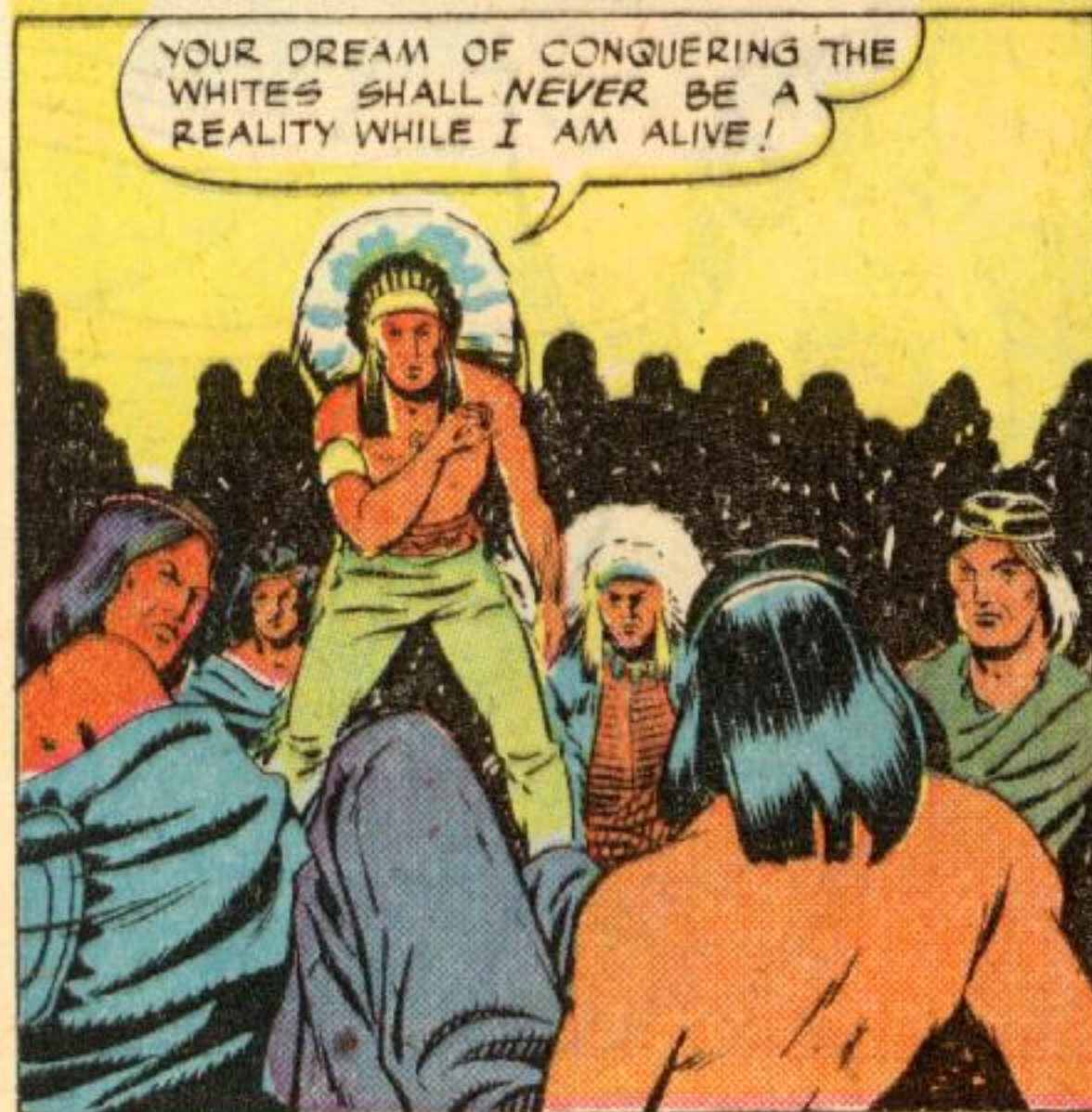
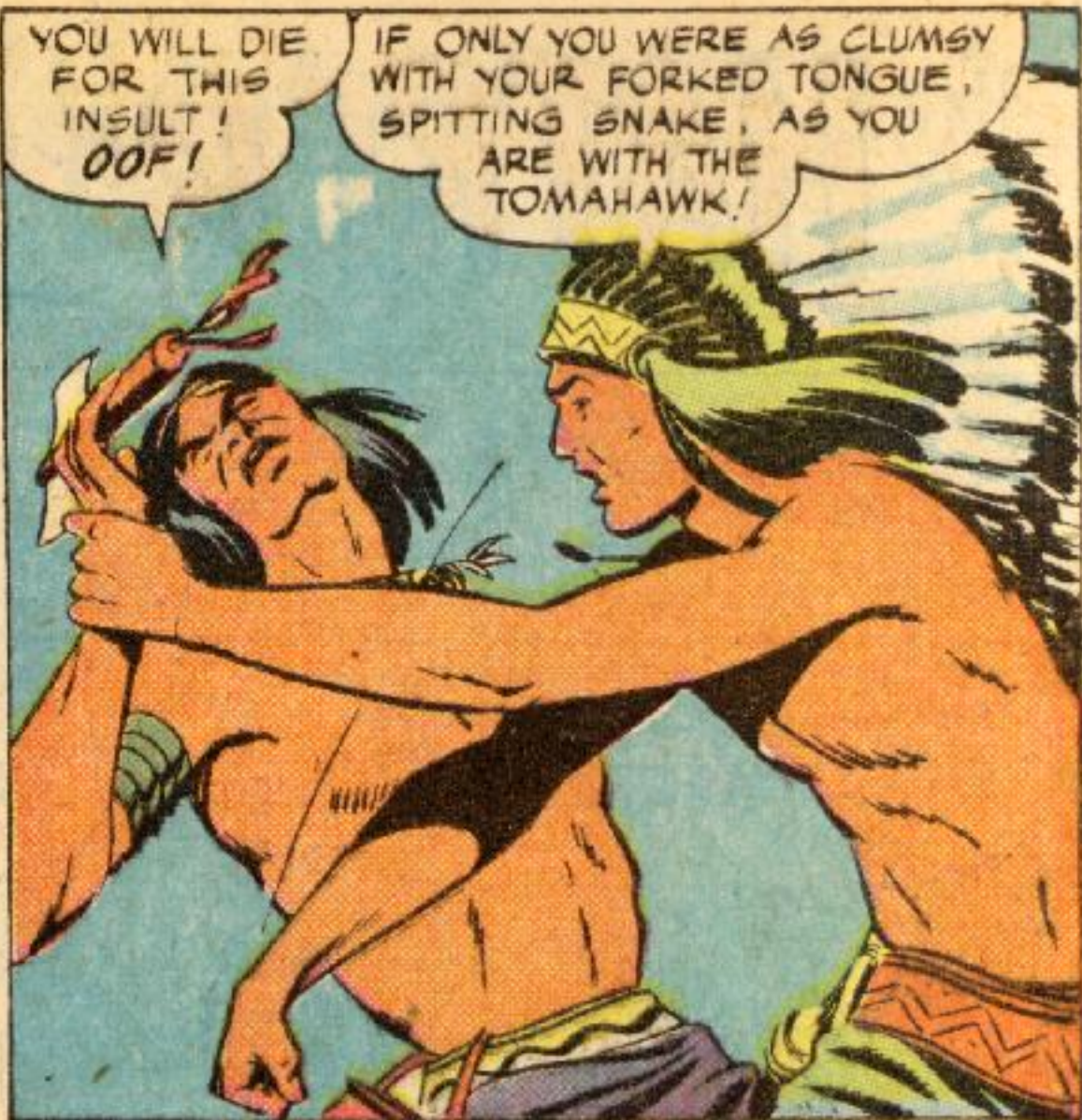
WE ARE BOUND BY HONOR TO RESPECT THE TREATY WE SIGNED WITH THE GREAT WHITE FATHER IN WASHINGTON! DISGRACE WILL FALL UPON THE SIOUX IF WE BREAK THIS TREATY!

AH, CHIEF OROOKEE! IS YOUR SON, JOHN THUNDERCLOUD, SO WEAK, SO WITLESS, THAT HIS OLD FATHER MUST HELP HIM SPEAK AT OUR COUNCILS?

I HATE SPITTING SNAKE! HE KNOWS JOHN THUNDERCLOUD FEARS NOTHING, NOT EVEN DEATH ITSELF! BUT BECAUSE JOHN FIGHTS FOR PEACE, SPITTING SNAKE MOCKS HIM!

YOU, TOO, STAND BETWEEN THEM, SNOW MIST! SPITTING SNAKE IS ANGERED THAT YOU PREFER JOHN THUNDERCLOUD TO HIMSELF! HE IS MAD WITH JEALOUSY!

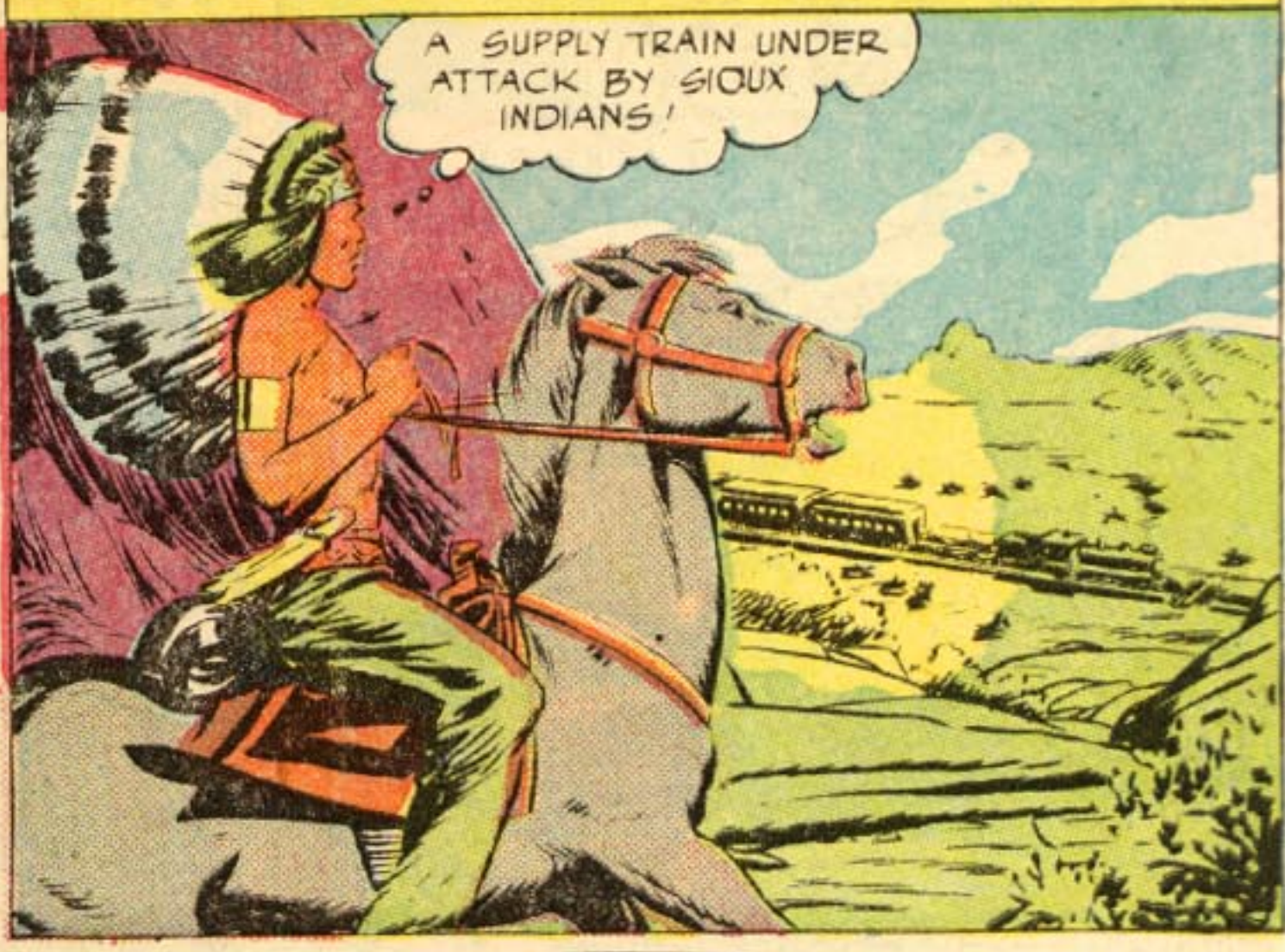




MAY I BE STRUCK DEAD BEFORE I LET JOHN THUNDERCLOUD TAKE SNOW MIST AWAY FROM ME! I SHALL LEAD THE SIOUX INTO DEADLY BATTLE AGAINST THE WHITES, OR PERISH TRYING! HE WHO TRIES TO STOP ME, SHALL **DIE!**



THREE WEEKS LATER, AS JOHN THUNDERCLOUD RODE TOWARD FORT MCLOY...



A SUPPLY TRAIN UNDER ATTACK BY SIOUX INDIANS!

IT'S SPITTING SNAKE! I MIGHT HAVE **KNOWN!**

JOHN THUNDERCLOUD! FORGET THE TRAIN, YELLOW TOADS! **KILL THE MEDDLER!**



I'LL BEAT SOME SENSE INTO YOUR STUPID HEADS!



COME ON, MEN! TAKE AN EXAMPLE FROM THAT LOYAL REDSKIN!

WHAT A FIGHTIN' FOOL HE IS! HE PRACTICALLY ROUTED 'EM FOR US ALREADY!



THAT'S IT, MEN! POUR IT ON! THEY'RE BREAKING!

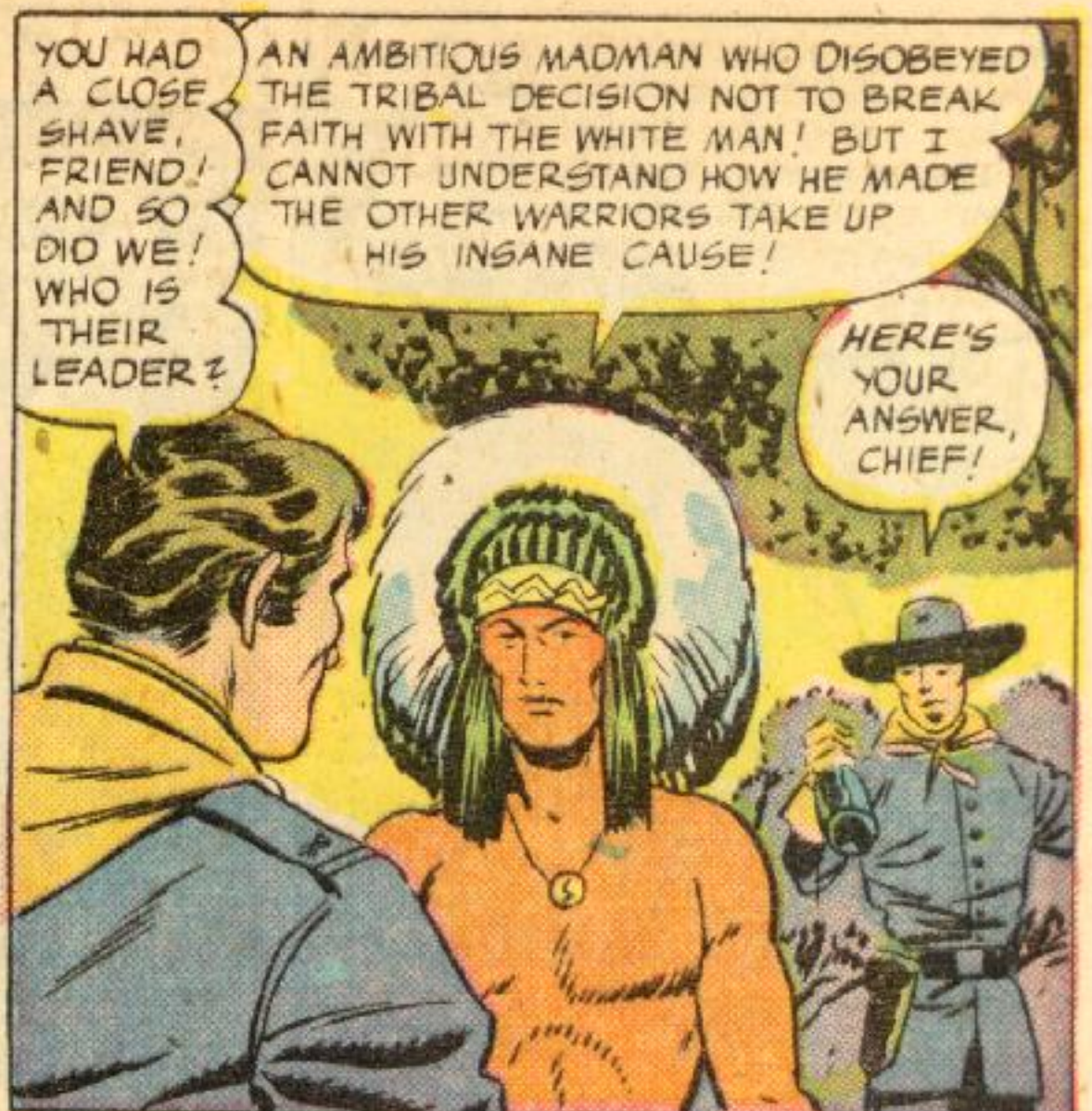


YOU HAVE ROUTED MY MEN, MEDDLER, BUT **YOU** SHALL NOT ESCAPE DEATH! I SHALL TRAMPLE YOU INTO YOUR GRAVE!





AGAIN THE CURSED ONE ELUDES ME!



YOU HAD A CLOSE SHAVE, FRIEND! AND SO DID WE! WHO IS THEIR LEADER?

AN AMBITIOUS MADMAN WHO DISOBEYED THE TRIBAL DECISION NOT TO BREAK FAITH WITH THE WHITE MAN! BUT I CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW HE MADE THE OTHER WARRIORS TAKE UP HIS INSANE CAUSE!

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, CHIEF!



AN EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLE! YES, NOW I SEE WHY THEY WERE SO WILD! THEY WERE DRUNK! SPITTING SNAKE GOT THEM INTOXICATED BEFORE HE LED THEM INTO BATTLE!



AND SOME WHITE TRADER IS SELLING IT TO THEM! WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS TRAITOR BEFORE HE SUPPLIES MORE FIREWATER TO THAT BLOODTHIRSTY BAND!



SPITTING SNAKE IS DOING WITH LIQUOR WHAT HE CAN'T DO WITH REASON! WHEN I SHOW MY BRETHREN THE DISASTER TO WHICH FIREWATER WILL TAKE THEM, THEY WILL REJECT SPITTING SNAKE!

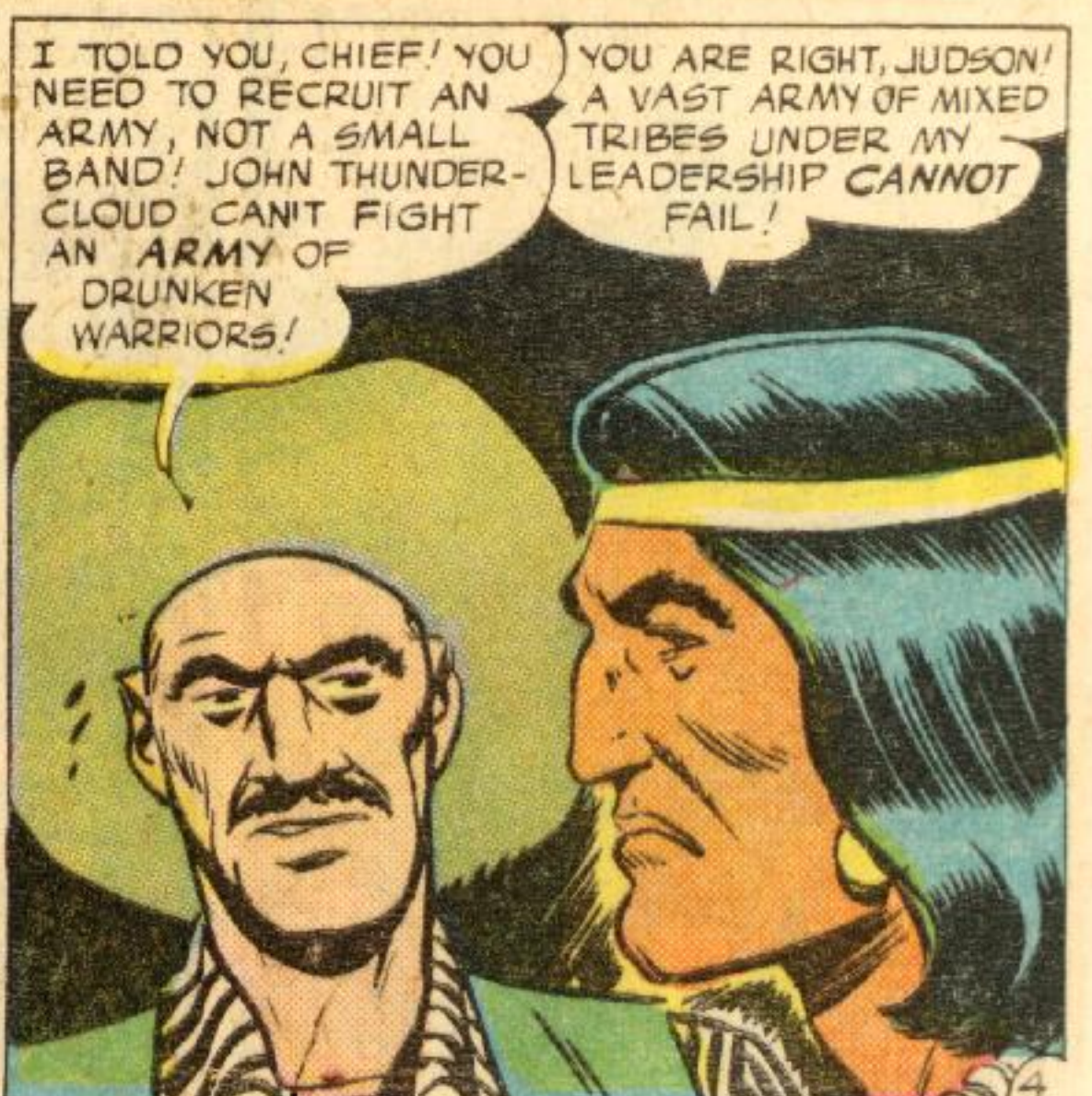
I HOPE SO!



LATER, AT SPITTING SNAKE'S ENCAMPMENT...

HEY, CHIEF, DID SOMETHING GO WRONG? YOUR BRAVES ARE DROPPIN' BACK INTO CAMP!

WE WOULD HAVE SLAUGHTERED THE SUPPLY TRAIN! WE WOULD HAVE HAD GUNS AND CANNON, HAD NOT JOHN THUNDER-CLOUD INTERFERED!



I TOLD YOU, CHIEF! YOU NEED TO RECRUIT AN ARMY, NOT A SMALL BAND! JOHN THUNDER-CLOUD CAN'T FIGHT AN ARMY OF DRUNKEN WARRIORS!

YOU ARE RIGHT, JUDSON! A VAST ARMY OF MIXED TRIBES UNDER MY LEADERSHIP CANNOT FAIL!

I WILL SEND MESSENGERS TO ANNOUNCE A TRIBAL GATHERING TOMORROW NIGHT! BLACKFEET, CROWS, CHEYENNES... ALL WILL BE SUMMONED! BUT WE MUST HAVE MUCH FIREWATER, JUDSON, OR MY WORDS WILL FALL ON COLD EARS!

DON'T WORRY, SPITTING SNAKE! WE'LL WARM 'EM UP! YOU GET THE MEN AND WE'LL GET THE LIQUOR!



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, JUDSON! THIS IS SURE PAYIN' OFF BETTER THAN SELLIN' TO SALOONS!

AN' NOT ONLY DO WE GET PAID OFF, BUT SPITTING SNAKE PROMISED TO TURN OVER EVERYTHING HE COLLECTS FROM EVERY RAID, EXCEPT GUNS AND AMMUNITION!



THE NEXT MORNING, AS JOHN THUNDERCLOUD AND SOME LOYAL TRIBESMEN SOUGHT OUT THE SECRET CAMP OF SPITTING SNAKE...

CHEYENNES! LED BY ONE OF SPITTING SNAKE'S SIOUX WARRIORS!

MAKE THE SIGN OF PEACE! I WOULD SPEAK TO THEM! ALREADY WE HAVE SEEN WAR PARTIES OF BLACKFEET AND CROWS SEEKING OUT SPITTING SNAKE'S CAMP!



DO NOT LISTEN TO JOHN THUNDERCLOUD! HIS IS THE VOICE OF PEACE!

SILENCE, DOG! I LISTEN TO ALL VOICES! I GO TO ATTEND SPITTING SNAKE'S POW-WOW, MIGHTY CHIEF! WILL YOU JOIN US?

I KNOW SPITTING SNAKE'S MESSAGE! IT IS WAR! BUT I HAVE A PLAN!

YES! I GO WITH YOU!



THIS IS MADNESS, CHIEF! SPITTING SNAKE WILL ORDER HIS MEN TO KILL YOU ON SIGHT!

THE CROW, CHEYENNE, AND BLACKFEET CHIEFS WON'T PERMIT IT! IF I SAY I WILL FIGHT THE WHITES BY THEIR SIDE, THEY WILL NOT LET SPITTING SNAKE'S PERSONAL AMBITION TAKE THE PLACE OF WISDOM!



THAT NIGHT, AT SPITTING SNAKE'S POW-WOW...

JOHN THUNDERCLOUD SAYS HE WILL HELP US FIGHT THE PALEFACES!

THIS IS SOME TRICK, BUT I MUST PRETEND I AM TAKEN IN TO TRAP THE PEACE-LOVING FOOL!



HOURS LATER...

WE WILL FIRST WHET OUR APPETITE ON A TROOP OF CAVALRY THE WHITE RENEGADES HAVE TOLD US ARE LEAVING FORT McCLOY AT MIDNIGHT!

BROWN FOX! SNEAK OUT OF CAMP AND BRING THIS WARNING TO THE LEADER OF THE WHITE CAVALRY!



BUT, AS THE BRAVE LEFT...



AND SOON...

BEHOLD! PROOF OF JOHN THUNDERCLOUD'S TREACHERY! A MESSAGE TO THE WHITES WRITTEN IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING!



IT IS TRUE I WANTED TO WARN THE AMERICAN CAVALRY, FOR WAR BETWEEN US IS SENSELESS! YOU LISTEN TO SPITTING SNAKE BECAUSE HE FOGGED YOUR MINDS WITH DRINK! HE LEADS YOU TO DISASTER!

TURN DEAF EARS ON THE TRAITOR! SEIZE HIM! KILL HIM!



KILL ME IF YOU WISH, BUT SPARE MY BRAVES! THEY WERE ONLY OBEYING MY ORDERS!

SO BE IT! JOHN THUNDERCLOUD DIES ALONE!

TAKE HIM TO THE CANYON WHERE HE WILL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH!



MINUTES LATER, AS JOHN THUNDERCLOUD WAS BOUND, HAND AND FOOT...

THE EARTH SHAKES WITH THUNDER! BY THE GREAT SPIRIT! THEY HAVE DRIVEN WILD HORSES TOWARD ME! I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO LOOSEN MY BONDS!



BUT AS THE THUNDERING HERD CAME CLOSER...

CAN IT BE? YES! IT IS MY HORSE, GREY WIND!



THE FAITHFUL HORSE DIPPED LOW AND THUNDERCLOUD'S FINGERS GRIPPED THE STEELY MANE OF THE GREY CHARGER...

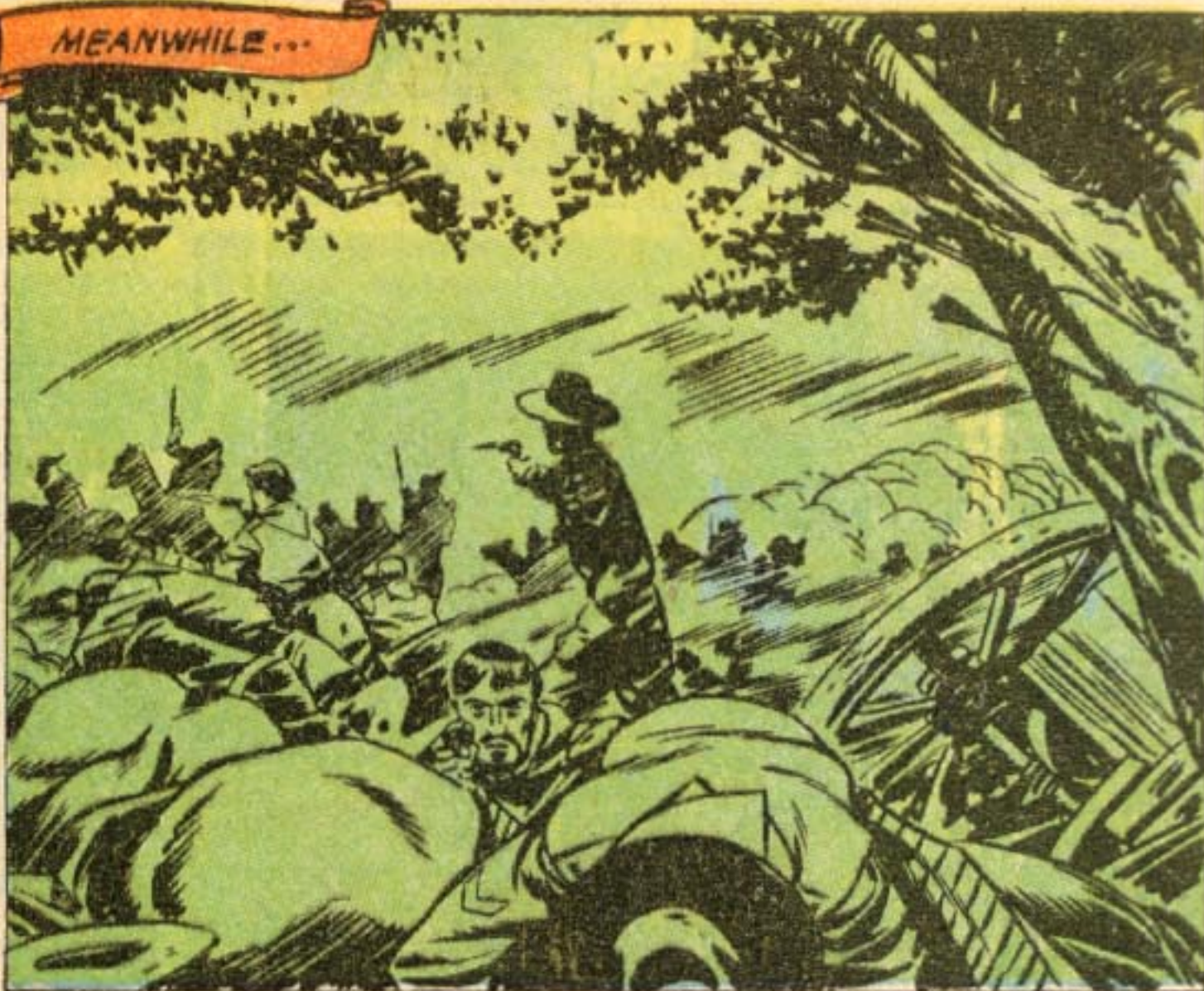


MINUTES LATER, AFTER FREEING
HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS...

THEY'VE ALL LEFT TO ATTACK THE
CAVALRY TROOP! ALL EXCEPT THE
SLEEPING DRUNKS! NOW TO FREE
MY BRAVES AND INTERCEPT THOSE
DRINK-MADDENED WARRIORS!



MEANWHILE...



WE'RE TOO LATE!
THE CAVALRY
TROOP IS
CUT OFF AND
SURROUNDED!

WE MUST BURN
THOSE WHISKY
WAGONS! TAKE
FLAMING ARROWS
AND AIM THEM AT
EVERY WAGON!



FLAMING
ARROWS!

LET'S GIT OUTA HERE—
QUICK! THEM ARROWS
WILL MAKE THE WHISKEY
WAGONS EXPLODE!



THE EXPLODING WAGONS QUICKLY DEMORALIZED
THE DRUNKEN WARRIORS. AND AS THE CAVALRY
TROOP REORGANIZED, AND BEGAN TURNING
DEFEAT INTO VICTORY...

I AM DEFEATED AGAIN! CLEARLY THE GODS
DO NOT DESIRE MY VICTORY! I HAVE TAKEN
AN OATH TO KILL MYSELF IF I COULD NOT WIN!
I SHALL NOT ALLOW MYSELF TO BE
CAPTURED! DIG DEEPLY, KNIFE!



MOMENTS LATER...

DEAD BY HIS
OWN HAND!
SPITTING
SNAKE
COULD NOT
TAKE
DEFEAT!

DEFEAT IS THE LOT OF ALL
WHO DESIRE FAME THROUGH
SPILLING INNOCENT BLOOD! IT
IS THE FATE OF ALL WHO ARE
DRUNK WITH MAD AMBITION!



The End

The AMERICAN INDIAN

INDIAN
LORE #6

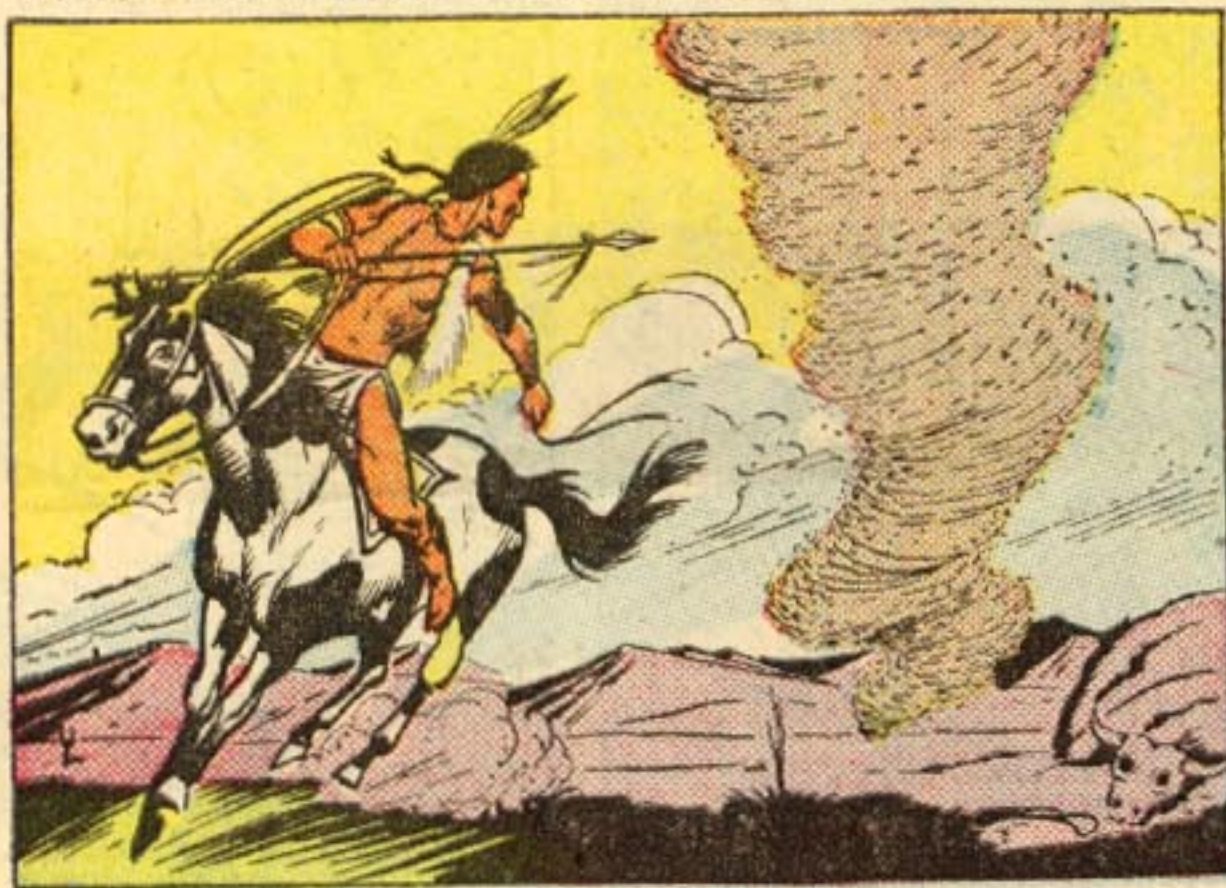
NATURE WAS THE INDIAN'S GOD. HE FELT THAT UNSEEN POWERS CONTROLLED HIS LIFE. HE BELIEVED THAT POWERS WERE GIVEN TO A CHOSEN FEW. IF ONE OF THE "CHOSEN FEW" FASTED AND TORTURED HIMSELF ENOUGH, HE MIGHT HEAR A VOICE AND SEE A VISION WHICH WOULD GRANT HIM A SPECIFIC POWER...



MOST MEDICINE MEN WHO TREATED DISEASE PRETENDED TO SUCK SOMETHING OUT OF THE BODY OF THE SUFFERER. WITH SLEIGHT OF HAND HE WOULD PRODUCE A SMALL LIVE ANIMAL OR A PEBBLE AND CLAIM IT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE ILLNESS. IN MANY CASES IT WORKED. THE SUGGESTIVE POWER WAS THAT GREAT...



A SWIRL OF DUST IN THE DESERT WAS A THING OF FEAR TO MANY INDIANS. THEY BELIEVED THAT A DEAD SPIRIT WAS RIDING IN THE SWIRL AND THEY WENT OUT OF THEIR WAY TO AVOID ONE...



WHEN INDIANS DANCED, THEY ENACTED A GREAT EVENT SUCH AS A BATTLE, A HUNT, OR A COURTSHIP. DANCING WAS A SERIOUS PART OF AN INDIAN'S LIFE...



WHEN INDIANS TRAVELED IN LARGE GROUPS, THEY WERE NOT ALLOWED TO SPEAK OR MAKE NOISES. THEY WALKED WITH DIGNITY AND RHYTHM, IN WHAT WE NOW CALL "INDIAN FILE"...



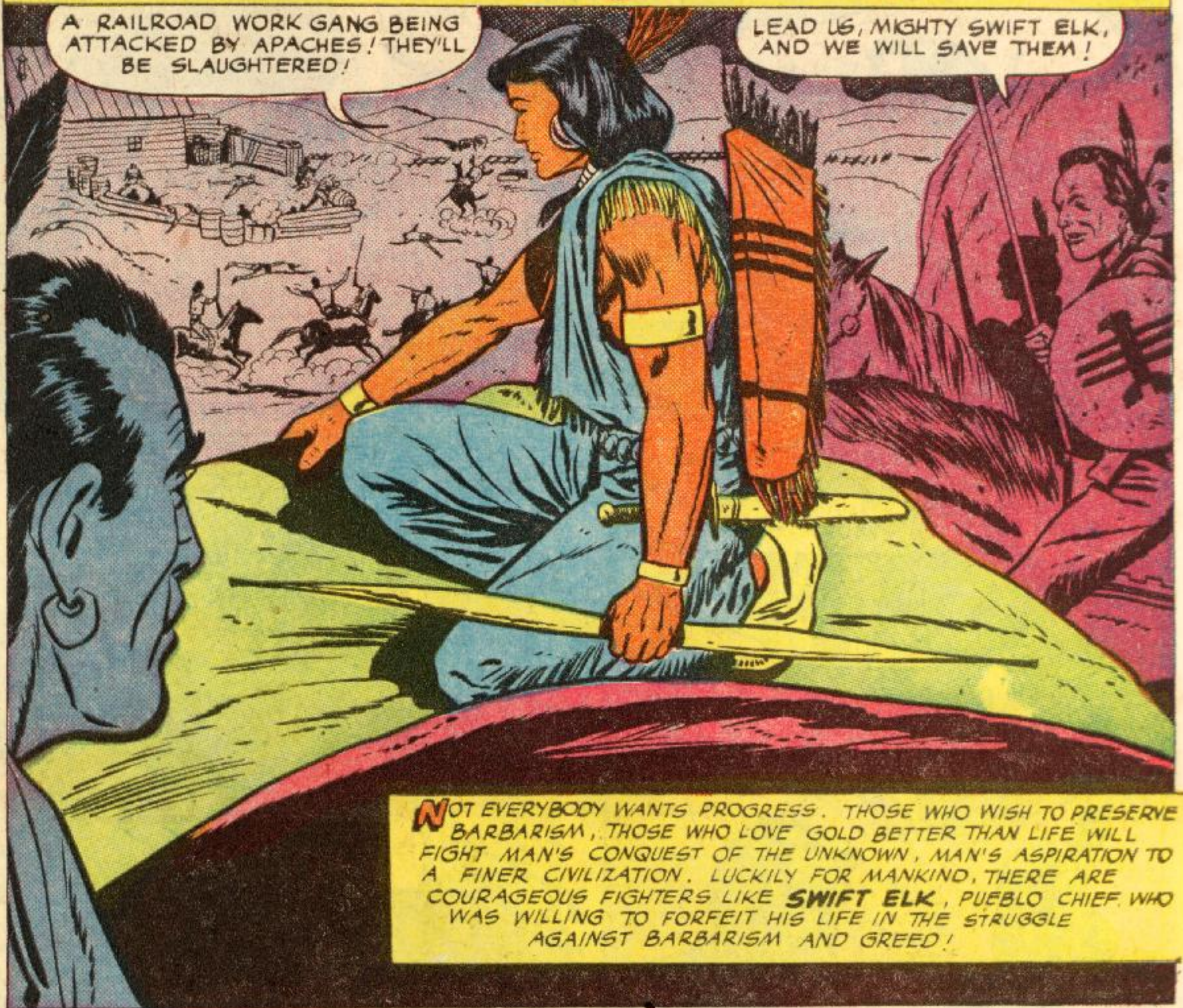
AN INDIAN'S POW-WOW MIGHT DRAG ON FOR DAYS. HIS LOVE OF DRAMATICS, RESPECT FOR RITUAL MADE ANY GATHERING A CEREMONY. HE LOVED BEING GAUDY AND IMPRESSIVE, BUT WAS ALWAYS TOLERANT OF HIS NEIGHBOR'S IDEAS AND BELIEFS...



FURY Along the Rails

A RAILROAD WORK GANG BEING
ATTACKED BY APACHES! THEY'LL
BE SLAUGHTERED!

LEAD US, MIGHTY SWIFT ELK,
AND WE WILL SAVE THEM!



NOT EVERYBODY WANTS PROGRESS. THOSE WHO WISH TO PRESERVE BARBARISM, THOSE WHO LOVE GOLD BETTER THAN LIFE WILL FIGHT MAN'S CONQUEST OF THE UNKNOWN, MAN'S ASPIRATION TO A FINER CIVILIZATION. LUCKILY FOR MANKIND, THERE ARE COURAGEOUS FIGHTERS LIKE **SWIFT ELK**, PUEBLO CHIEF, WHO WAS WILLING TO FORFEIT HIS LIFE IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST BARBARISM AND GREED!

LOOK, ADLEY!
MORE
APACHES!
WE'RE
DONE
FOR!

NO, JIM! THEY'RE **NOT**
APACHES! THEY'RE
PUEBLOS, MORTAL
ENEMIES OF THE
APACHES! THEY'RE
COMING TO
HELP US!



A BOLD ATTACK AND THESE
COWARDLY DOGS STICK
THEIR TAILS BETWEEN
THEIR LEGS AND RUN!

IT IS SWIFT
ELK, THE
PUEBLO
CHIEF!





ADLEY, THEY'RE
QUITTING!
THEY'RE
RUNNING
AWAY!

IT'S
THE
PUEBLO
CHIEF!
WHAT A
FIGHTER
HE IS!

DO NOT PURSUE
THEM, MY BRAVES!
WE HAVE ACCOM-
PLISHED OUR
PURPOSE!



THANKS, CHIEF! IF YOU
HADN'T COME ALONG,
THEY MIGHT'VE WIPED
US OUT! THIS HAS
TURNED INTO THE
TOUGHEST STRETCH
OF TRACK-LAYING
I'VE RUN INTO IN
FIFTEEN YEARS!

I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR
THOSE WHO LOOK UPON
PROGRESS AS AN ENEMY!
SOME OF MY RED
BROTHERS ARE BITTER
AGAINST ALL WORKS
OF THE WHITE MAN!



JUST THEN...

WHAT IS
THAT?

THE **TRESTLE!** THE DEVILS
MUST'VE DYNAMITED IT!
COME ON, MR. REYNOLDS
MIGHT BE KILLED!

BOOM!



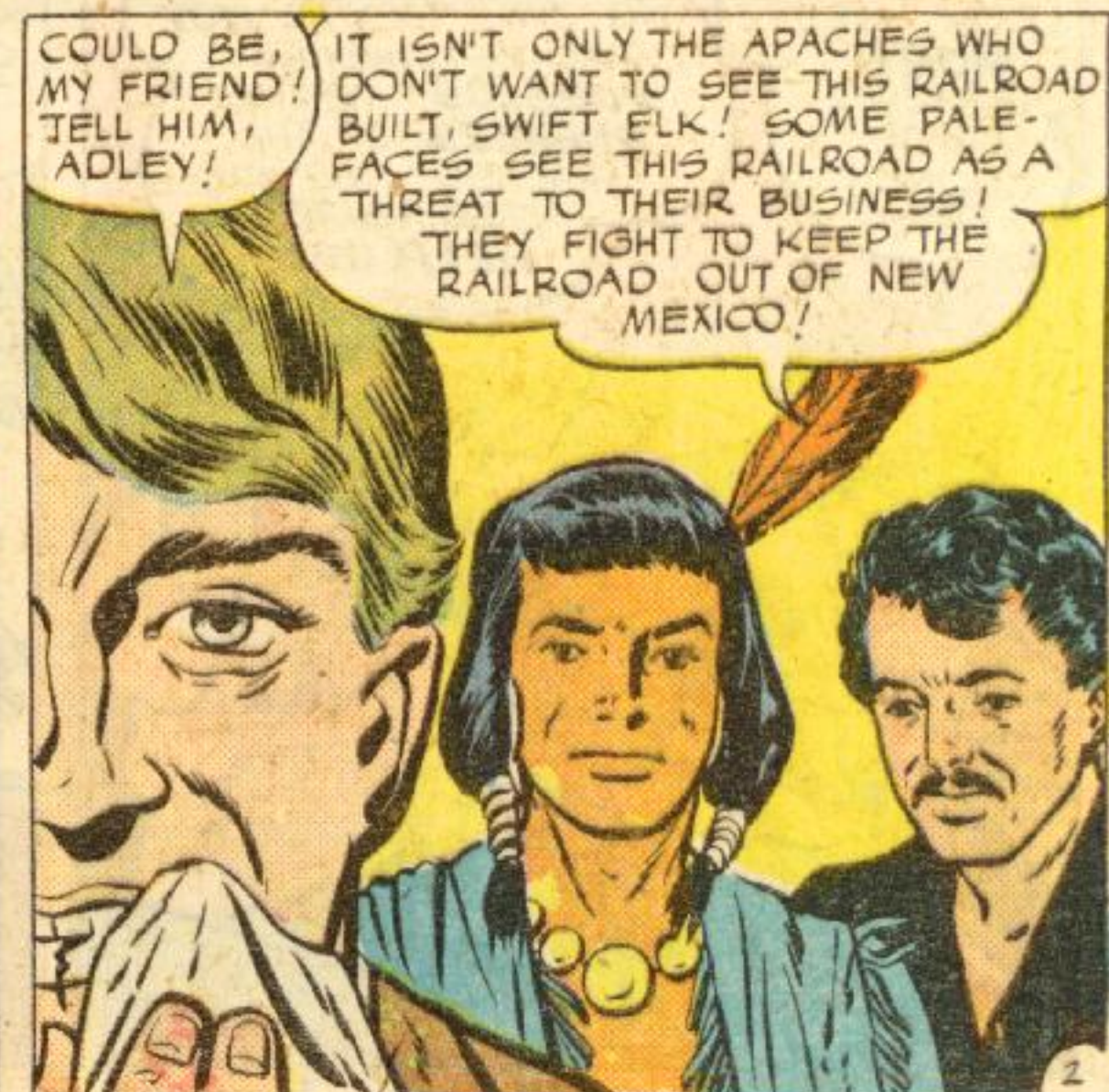
FIVE MINUTES LATER, DOWN THE TRACK...

MR. REYNOLDS!
THANK HEAVENS
YOU'RE SAFE!
WHAT HAPPENED?

APACHES! WE NEVER HAD A
CHANCE! EVERYBODY WAS
KILLED BUT ME! THEY GOT
HOLD OF OUR DYNAMITE...
MONTHS OF WORK
DESTROYED IN A
SECOND!



I AM NO EXPERT, MR. REYNOLDS, BUT TO
DYNAMITE A TRESTLE TAKES **SKILL!** RED
MEN KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT DYNAMITE!
COULD THIS BE THE WORK OF A
WHITE MAN?



COULD BE,
MY FRIEND!
TELL HIM,
ADLEY!

IT ISN'T ONLY THE APACHES WHO
DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS RAILROAD
BUILT, SWIFT ELK! SOME PALE-
FACES SEE THIS RAILROAD AS A
THREAT TO THEIR BUSINESS!
THEY FIGHT TO KEEP THE
RAILROAD OUT OF NEW
MEXICO!

THE STAGE COACH INTERESTS WANT NO PART OF THE COMPETITION OF THE RAILROAD! THEY'RE DEALING WITH APACHES TO ATTACK THE RAILROAD SO THAT THEIR STAGE COACH MONOPOLY WILL REMAIN SECURE!



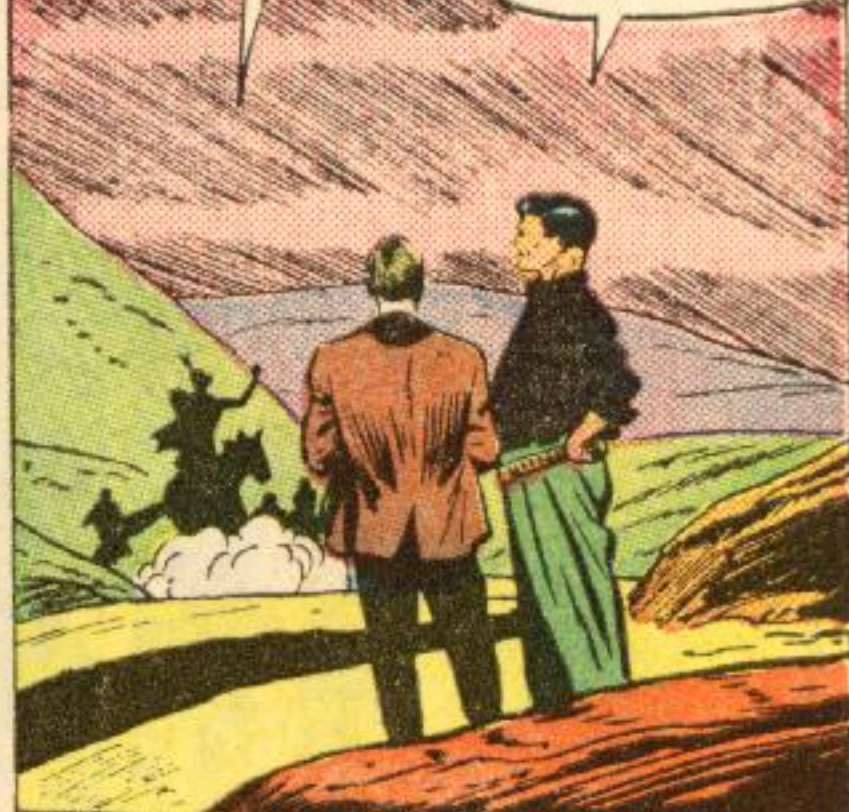
PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU! WHO RUNS THE STAGE COACH COMPANY IN THIS TERRITORY?



A FAT SKUNK NAMED CLAY FOLGER! BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO, SWIFT ELK?

I'LL FIND OUT IF CLAY FOLGER IS BEHIND THESE ATTACKS! YOU GO ON WITH YOUR RAILROAD BUILDING! I WILL REPORT BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

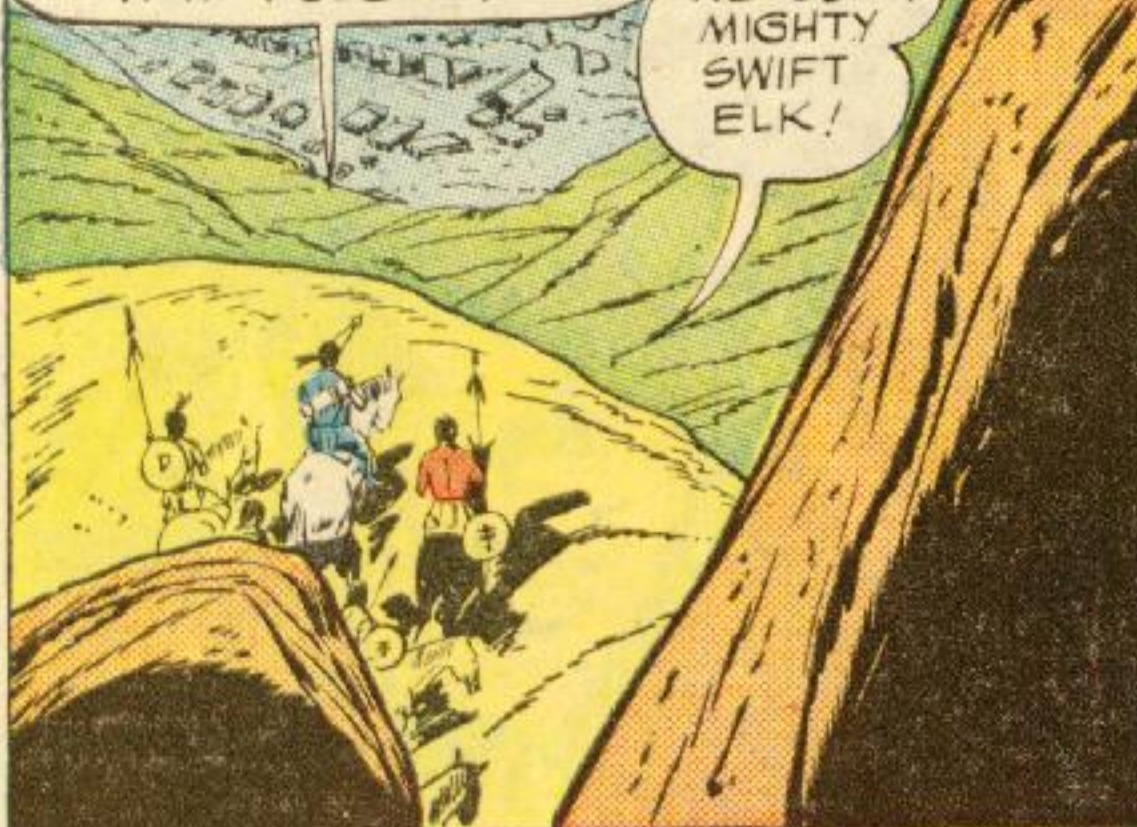
GOOD LUCK, SWIFT ELK!



AN HOUR LATER, NEAR THE TOWN OF GREY GULCH...

THE OLD MUST GIVE WAY TO THE NEW! THIS IS THE LAW OF LIFE AND THE LAW OF PROGRESS! IT IS EVIL TO FIGHT THINGS THAT HELP MANKIND! WAIT HERE WHILE I GO INTO TOWN AND SPEAK WITH FOLGER!

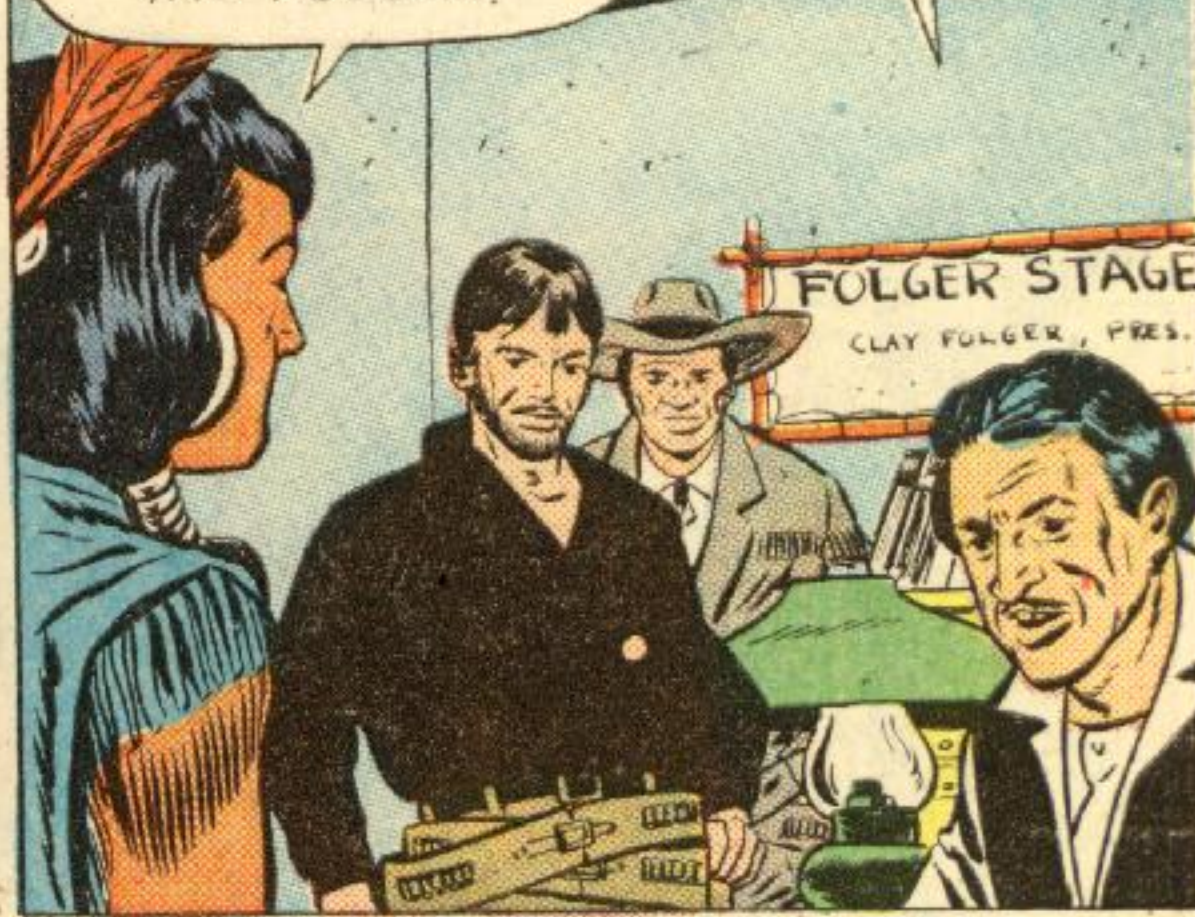
WE OBEY, MIGHTY SWIFT ELK!



SOON, IN TOWN...

I AM SWIFT ELK, CHIEF OF THE PUEBLOS! I WOULD SPEAK WITH MR. FOLGER!

NO INJUNS ALLOWED! VAMOOSE BEFORE WE RIDE YOU OUTA TOWN ON A RAIL!



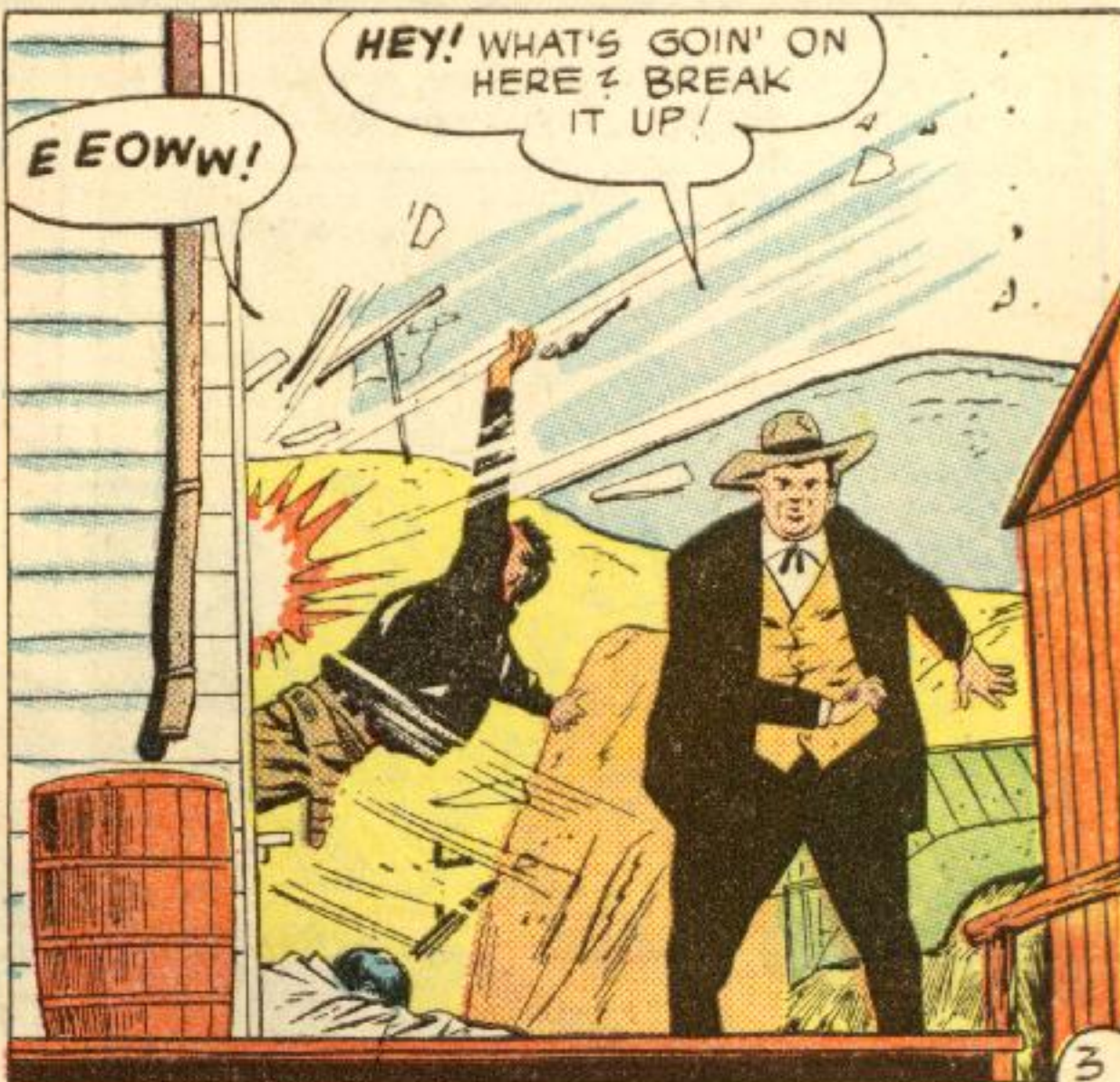
I CAME HERE TO SEE MR. FOLGER AND I SHALL NOT BE FRIGHTENED AWAY!

OOF!



E EOWW!

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? BREAK IT UP!





YOU PRACTICALLY WRECKED MY OFFICE, INJUN!

THEN YOU MUST BE CLAY FOLGER! I COME FROM THE RAILROAD CAMP APACHES JUST ATTACKED THE WORK-GANG, SLAUGHTERING MANY AND DYNAMITING THE TRESTLE! MR. REYNOLDS SAYS YOU HIRED THE APACHES. WHAT DO YOU SAY?



I SAY HE'S A **LIAR!** IT'S A **FRAME-UP!** I DON'T WANT NO PART OF THE RAILROADS, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I'D BREAK THE LAW TO KEEP 'EM AWAY!

AND YET YOU WILL LOSE MUCH BUSINESS IF THE RAILROAD **IS** BUILT!



IT'LL BE THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE RAILROAD COMES TO EVERY TOWN! I'LL MAKE MY PILE OUTA **LOCAL** TRAFFIC! BUT YOU INJUNS GOT **MORE** TO LOSE, WITH CIVILIZATION CREEPIN' CLOSER AN' CLOSER!

MOST RED MEN WANT PEACE AND A GOOD LIFE, LIKE MOST GOOD PALE-FACES



SHORTLY AFTER...

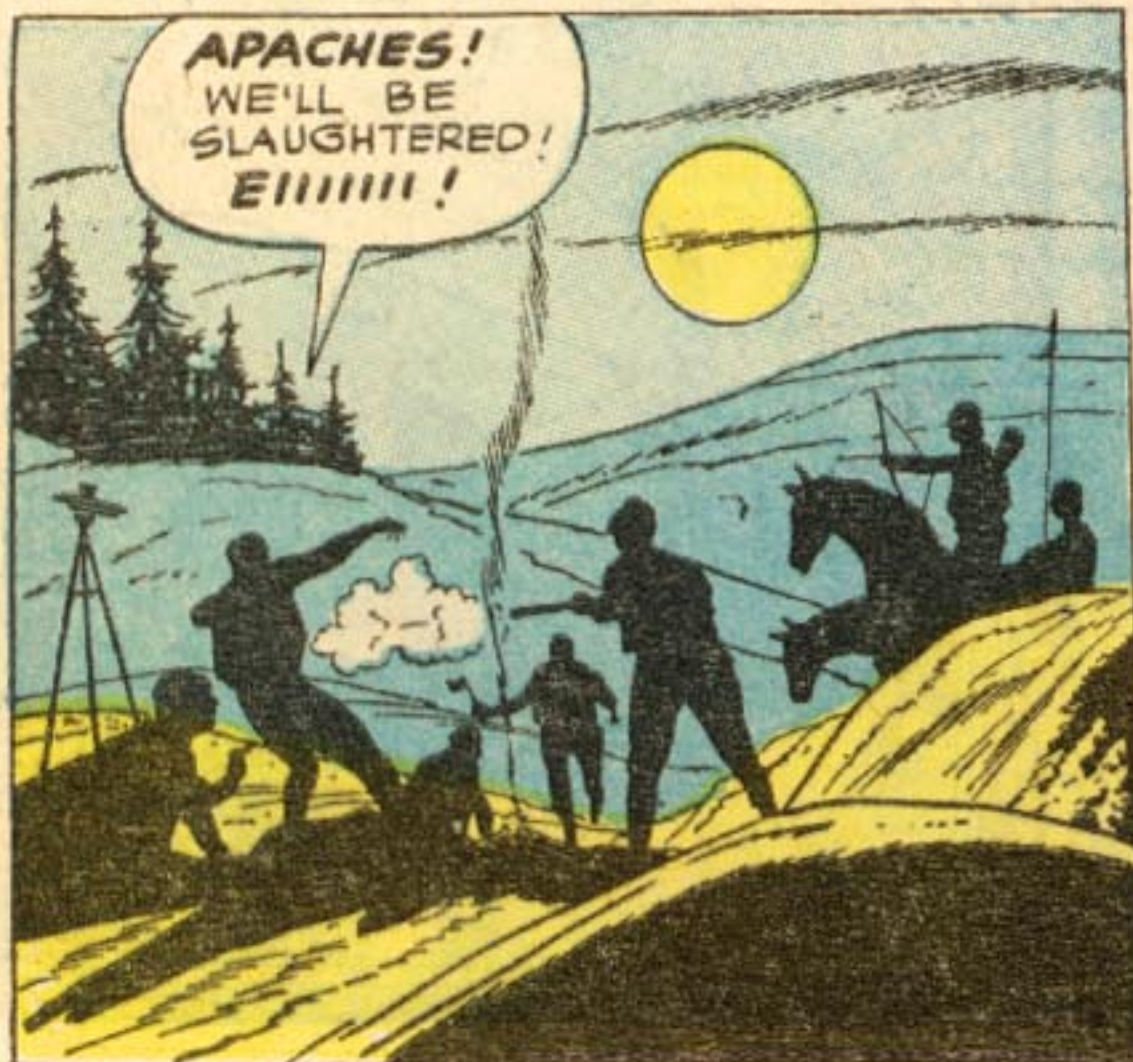
SPEAK, SWIFT ELK! IS FOLGER THE GUILTY ONE?

I DO NOT KNOW, BROTHER! EVIL MEN SURROUND HIM! MEN WHO WILL NOT HESITATE TO ROB AND KILL! AND YET THIS PROVES LITTLE!

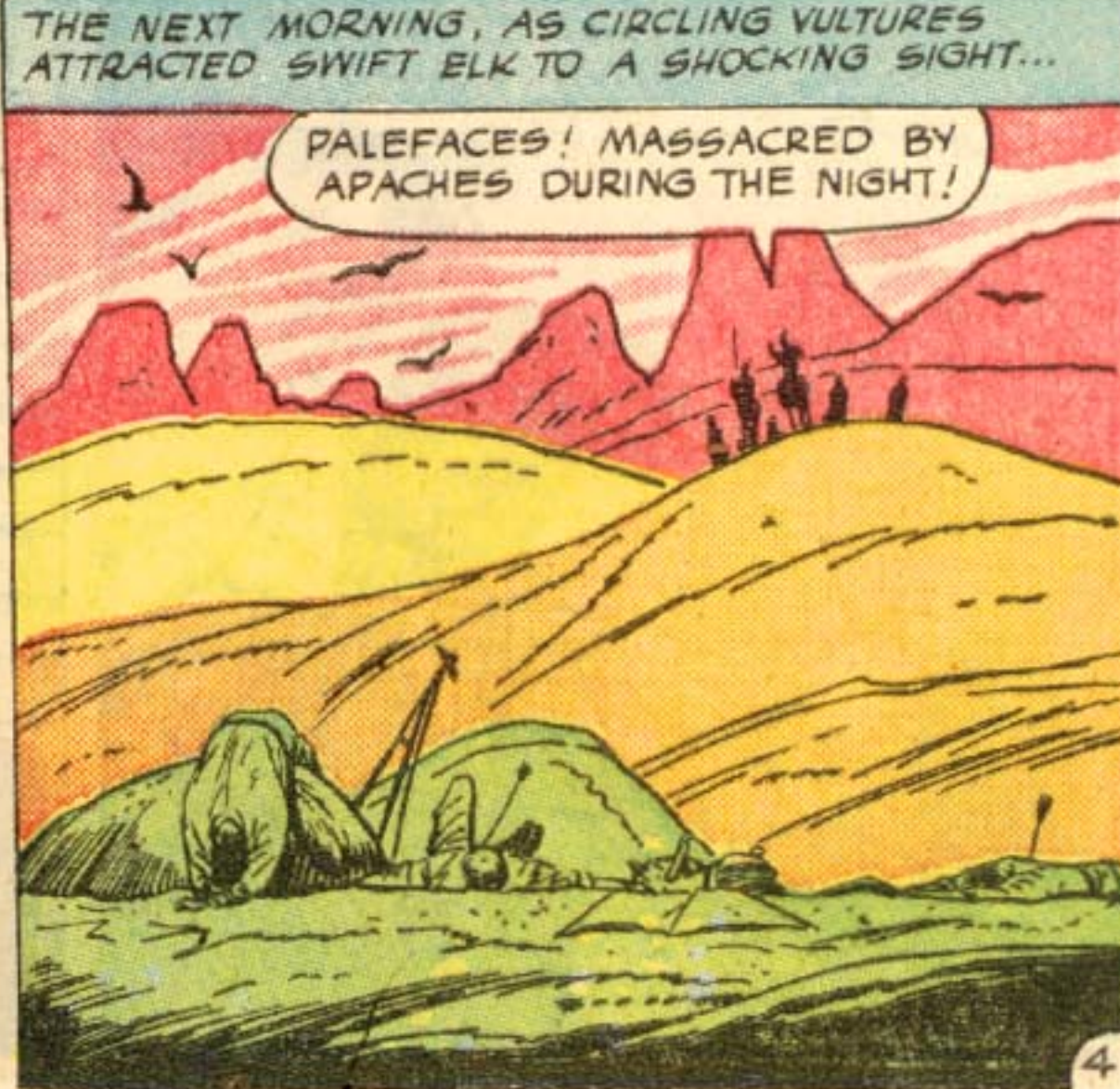


WE MUST SEEK OUT THE **APACHES** THEMSELVES TO DISCOVER WHO IS HIRING THEM!

THAT NIGHT, MANY MILES AWAY, DEATH STALKED A CAMP OF RAILROAD SURVEYORS...



APACHES! WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED! **Eeeee!**



THE NEXT MORNING, AS CIRCLING VULTURES ATTRACTED SWIFT ELK TO A SHOCKING SIGHT...

PALEFACES! MASSACRED BY APACHES DURING THE NIGHT!

HERE IS A PIECE OF PAPER CARELESSLY THROWN ASIDE!



IT IS A **MAP!** DRAWN FOR THE KILLERS, DIRECTING THEM WHERE TO GO! THE APACHES WERE **SENT** HERE!

THEN, AS THE MERCIFUL PUEBLOS DUG GRAVES TO PROTECT THE DEAD MEN FROM THE VULTURES...



IF THE RASCAL BEHIND THIS **IS** FOLGER, THEN HE RECEIVED HELP FROM SOMEONE AT THE RAILROAD CAMP! THIS MAP WAS DRAWN BY AN **EXPERT!**

YOU'RE RIGHT, SWIFT ELK! THIS MAP **WAS** DRAWN BY SOMEONE FAMILIAR WITH SURVEYING OR MAP-MAKING! BUT THAT WOULD THROW SUSPICION ON **ALL** MY ASSISTANTS, FROM ADLEY ON DOWN!



EVEN **YOURSELF, MR. REYNOLDS?**

EVEN MYSELF! BUT MY REPUTATION IS AT STAKE, SWIFT ELK! IF THIS RAILROAD FOLDS, I FOLD WITH IT! THAT'S WHY I'M SO EAGER TO CATCH FOLGER WITH THE GOODS!



THEN I HAVE A PLAN FOR YOU!

I WILL FIND OUT WHERE THIS BAND OF APACHES HIDES OUT! I WILL DISGUISE MYSELF AS AN APACHE. SOONER OR LATER THIS TRAITOR WILL SHOW UP...

THEN YOU CAN SEE WHO HE IS AND REPORT BACK TO ME! AN **EXCELLENT** IDEA!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE SECLUSION OF THE SURROUNDING HILLS...

WHY CAN'T WE GO WITH YOU, NOBLE CHIEF? SUPPOSE THEY DISCOVER YOU ARE **NOT** AN APACHE?

THEY WILL MAKE THAT DISCOVERY EVEN MORE QUICKLY IF **MORE** THAN **ONE** PUEBLO ENTERS THEIR CAMP! I MUST SEEK THE TRAITOR **ALONE!** ALREADY I HAVE AN IDEA AS TO HIS IDENTITY!



THREE HOURS LATER, SWIFT ELK RODE INTO THE APACHE CAMP...

THEY ARE PREPARING FOR A BIG POW-WOW! HMM... NOBODY RECOGNIZES ME AS A PUEBLO! MY BRAVES DID A FINE JOB OF DISGUISSING ME!



AFTER AN HOUR OF FEASTING AND DRINKING...

HERE HE IS!
HE GOES TO
THE CHIEF'S
TENT!

THE MOMENT IS AT HAND! I WILL
SEE FOR MYSELF IF MY SUS-
PICIONS WERE NOT CORRECT!
ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE
DRAWN THAT MAP AND
DYNAMITED THAT TRESTLE...
REYNOLDS!



DON'T STAND IN
THE DOORWAY
LIKE A STRANGER,
SWIFT ELK!
COME INSIDE!
SURPRISED?

NOT AT ALL, REYNOLDS!
WHEN YOU BURNED THAT
MAP, USING IT TO LIGHT
YOUR PIPE, I KNEW THAT
YOU DID IT ONLY SO THAT
ADLEY OR YOUR OTHER
ASSISTANTS WOULDN'T
RECOGNIZE YOUR
HANDWRITING!



YET YOU
ALLOWED
YOURSELF
TO WALK
INTO A
TRAP!
LOOK
BEHIND
YOU!

I SEE THEM!
SOME OF YOUR
HIRED MURDERERS!
APACHES WITH A
TWISTED DREAM
OF HALTING THE
MARCH OF PROGRESS
WITH BOW AND
ARROW!



NONSENSE! WHO'S INTERESTED
IN **PROGRESS?** HERE'S
MY INTEREST... **GOLD!** I'M
IN THE PAY OF A **RIVAL**
RAILROAD! IF THE PRESENT
RAILROAD COMPANY FAILS TO
BUILD THE LINE, THE SECOND
ONE GETS THE CONTRACT!
AND I GET \$100,000!



FOLGER WAS THE NATURAL FALL
GUY! I'LL GET A GREAT CHUCKLE
WHEN THEY HANG THE FAT,
BLUBBERING FOOL FOR MURDER
AND SABOTAGE!
TAKE HIM
AWAY!

AIII! TO THE
WILD HORSES!
THE PUEBLO
SPY SHALL BE
TORN APART!



KILLING ME WON'T HELP
YOU, REYNOLDS! YOUR
DOOM IS SEALED!
EVEN NOW MY PUEBLO
BRAVES ARE TELLING
THE CITIZENS OF
GREY GULCH WHO
THE TRAITOR
IS!

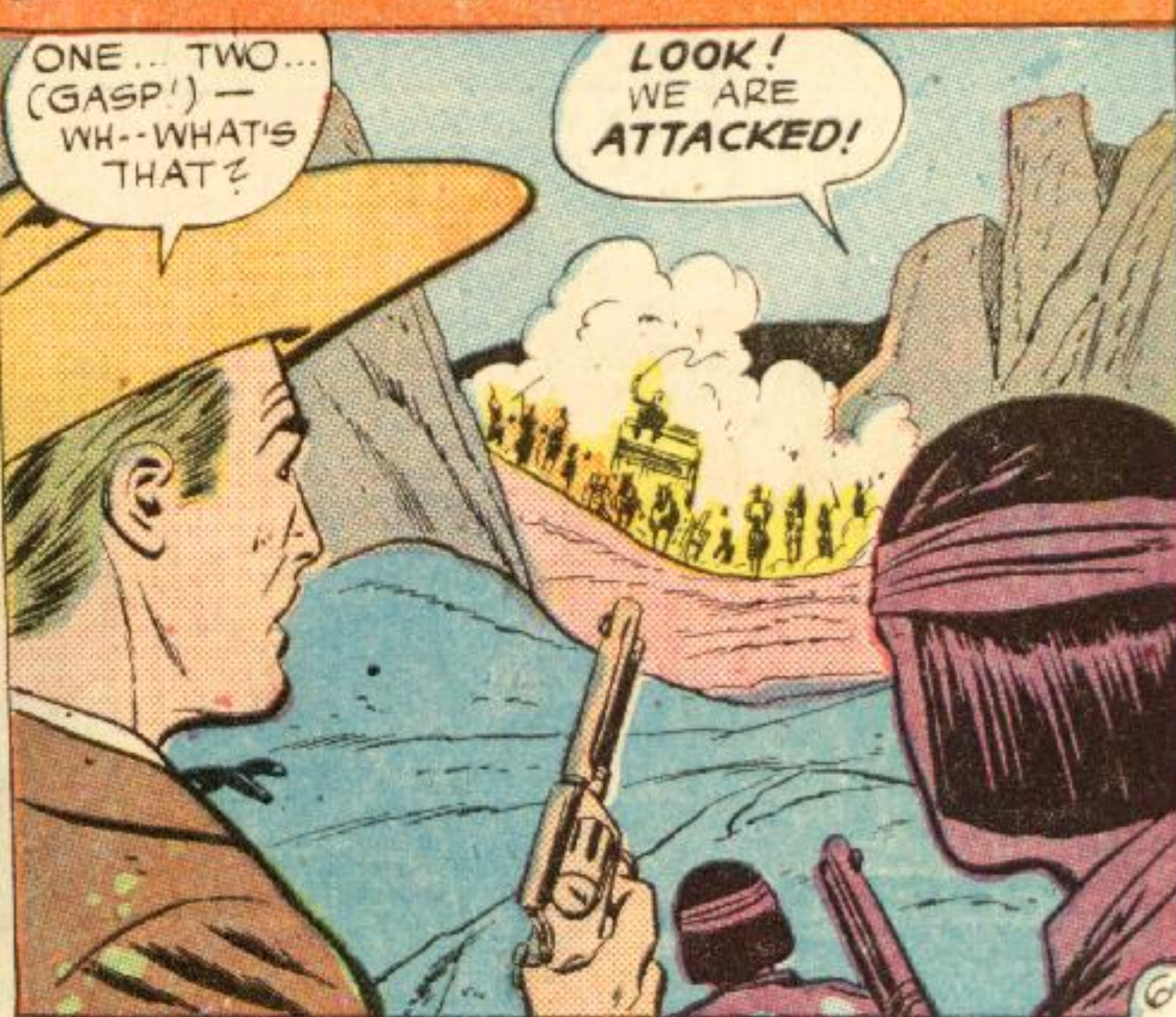
DO YOU THINK
I'M A FOOL TO
SWALLOW A
FEEBLE STALL
LIKE THAT? TIE
HIM TO THE
HORSES!



BUT AS REYNOLDS PREPARED TO GIVE THE SIGNAL...

ONE... TWO...
(GASP!) —
WH--WHAT'S
THAT?

LOOK!
WE ARE
ATTACKED!





FOLGER! PUEBLO INDIANS! THE SHERIFF!

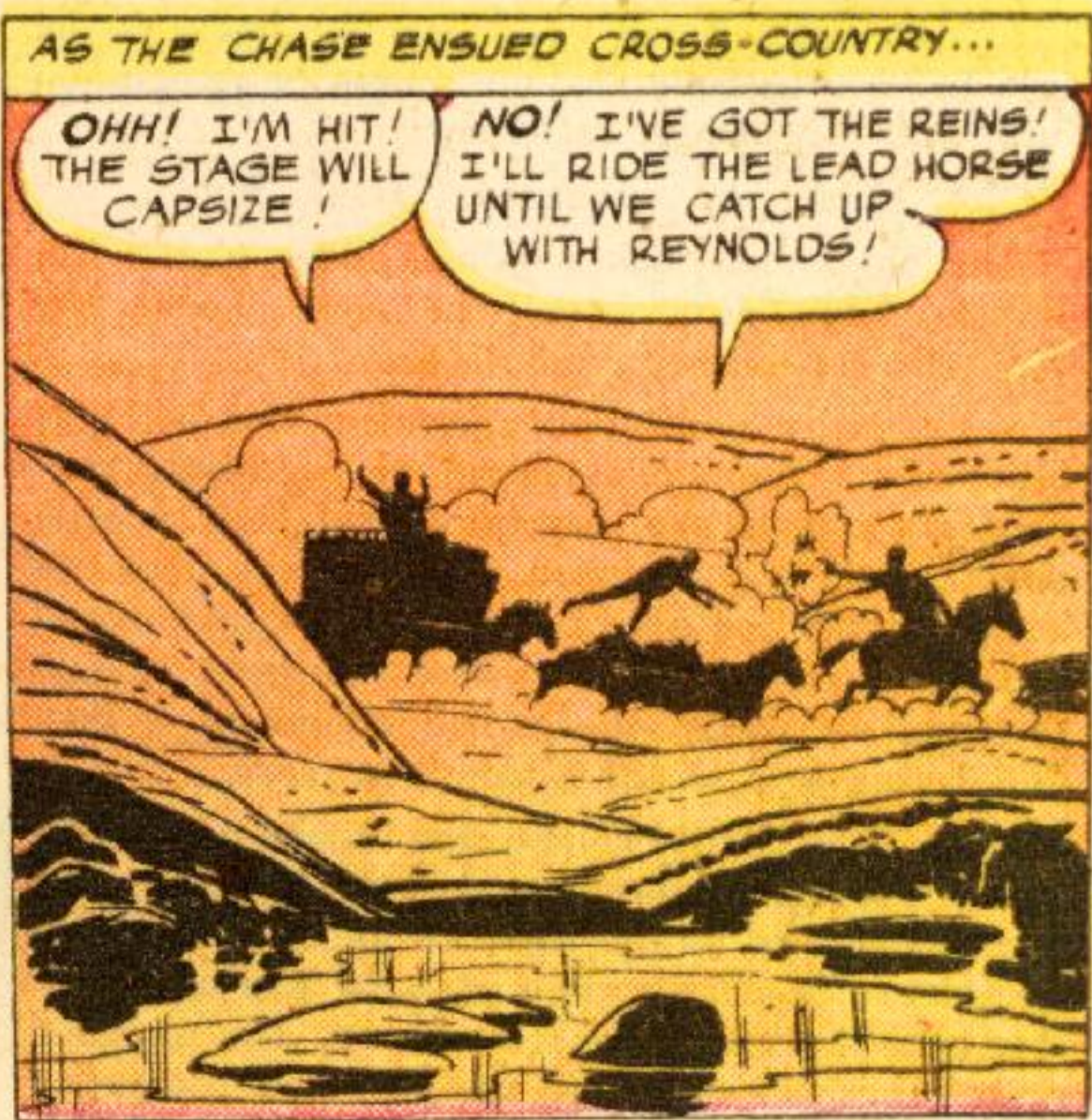


QUICKLY, MY BROTHER! I HAVE A RECKONING TO MAKE WITH REYNOLDS!



FOLGER! YOU ARE HERE, TOO?

I GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH REYNOLDS, TOO! HE TRIED TO PUT MY NECK IN A NOOSE!



AS THE CHASE ENSUED CROSS-COUNTRY...

OHH! I'M HIT! THE STAGE WILL CAPSIZE!

NO! I'VE GOT THE REINS! I'LL RIDE THE LEAD HORSE UNTIL WE CATCH UP WITH REYNOLDS!



MOMENTS LATER...

NO! STAY AWAY!

I'LL STAY WITH YOU, REYNOLDS...



... UNTIL I SEE YOU DANGLING FROM A GALLOWS!



A MONTH LATER...

I SEE THE RAILROAD SENT OUT A NEW SUPER-INTENDENT! THEY'RE LAYIN' TRACK A MILE A MINUTE!

YES, FOLGER! NOTHING CAN STOP PROGRESS! NOT ALL THE EVIL AND GOLD IN THE WEST! CIVILIZATION MARCHES ON!

G. REYNOLDS HANGED FOR HIS CRIMES.

THE END

THE COMANCHE KID

The two riders trotted their mounts at a slow pace along the dusty trail. The unbearable heat of the sun beating down on them had so sapped their energy that they had long ceased conversing to retain their strength. As they rounded a bend and fell under the shadow of a huge boulder, both men heaved a sigh of relief for the allayance of the merciless, driving heat.

Suddenly, the younger man started in his saddle. Then, bringing his horse to a halt, he carelessly gestured for the older man to follow suit. To one side of the trail, almost hidden in the brush, lay a man, face down. In one synchronized movement, both men alighted and stood over the body. As he bent to turn the body face up, a light of recognition came into the younger man's eyes.

"It's Hank," he ejaculated. "Hank Stahl!"

The older man looked grim. "More o' the Comanche Kid's dirty work!" he said. "Looks like yore job ain't finished after all, Sam."

Sam Hartley nodded in agreement. He had just resigned his position as sheriff of Sagebrush, Arizona. Two years ago, Sagebrush had been a wild, outlaw town and any man who couldn't draw his shooting irons and fire from the hip in a split second had no business there. Every man with nerve enough to accept the sheriff's badge had wound up in Boot Hill before he'd served a month in office.

Then, Sam Hartley volunteered to take on the job. It was a long, tedious process, but after two years Sam had cleaned up the town. Of all the undesirable elements in Sagebrush, the Comanche Kid had probably been the worst, the most feared. The son of a great Comanche chieftain, the Kid had committed his first crime by taking the law into his own hands by killing the man who murdered his father. From then on, he lived apart from his tribe, killing and looting.

Finally captured by Sam Hartley, he was tried, found guilty and sentenced to hang. It was the job of deputy Hank Stahl to deliver the Kid to the Arizona Territorial Prison. As Sam and his companion, Jeb Gayer, lifted the body of the deceased deputy, they reflected on what must have happened.

Obviously, the Kid had worked loose from his bonds. Then, biding his time, he probably jumped Stahl when the deputy was off guard. It was evident that the surprise element figured vitally in the incident as the Kid had no weapons and, from all appearances Stahl had been done in by his own guns which the Kid took from him. Loading the deputy's body over his horse's shoulders, Sam remounted and

indicated to Jeb that they were heading back to Sagebrush.

"Wouldn't yuh know it?" muttered Jeb. "Jes' when we git set tuh buy up that Tyler ranch and settle down to a life o' comfort an' peace, this has tuh happen! Somethin's always happenin'." And as he bit his lip between toothless gums, Jeb jabbed his spurs into his mount.

Many miles away, the renegade Indian stood facing the many chiefs of the various clans of the Comanche tribe. He had taken it upon himself to summon them for a council meeting.

"I speak in the name of my father," he bellowed at them. "My father, whose bones lie rotting in the ground because of the white man's treachery! We were once a peaceful, happy people. Then came the white invaders. They drove us from our lands, robbed us of our food supplies and our water . . . all the time crying that they wished to live in peace. My father trusted the white man and died because the white man spoke with a forked tongue. The time has come to drive the invaders from our land!"

As he concluded, the Kid slowly dropped to the ground in a squatting position. One by one, he eyed each of the tribal chieftains. Silence prevailed for several moments. Finally, one of the elder men arose. He glared at the Kid with a scowl of disapproval.

"You dare accuse the white man of speaking with a forked tongue when you yourself speak in only half-truths?" he snapped. He ignored the Kid's sneer and continued, "It is true that there are evil white men, but there are evil red men also."

"I have studied the white man's justice and found it is good and fair. Your father was killed by one evil white man, and for this you would sacrifice the lives of many of your people to kill many good white men. Yes, the white man has taken that which we call ours, but only for his survival. He has not deprived us entirely of our food, our water and our land. Rather, he has shared that, of which we are over-abundant."

Now, he suddenly switched his attention from the group as a whole to the Kid, personally. "You have long carried on a private war with the white man," he said. "You have murdered and plundered till now you seek sanctuary among the people you deserted. But I, for one, offer no sanctuary!"

As the elderly chieftain assumed his position on the ground, a low mumble arose from the council. Many knew that he had delivered the true facts honestly. It was decided that a vote would be taken

whereby a simple majority would decide what action should be taken, if any.

The Kid was dismissed, to return several minutes later to learn the decision of the council. The head of the council arose.

"We will live in peace," he said, "and you may remain with us, although you have disgraced the title of Comanche. But if you seek safety among us for some crime and the white law men come to claim you, you will receive no assistance from us."

The Kid kept his anger pent up through clenched teeth. He had no alternative. Above all, he desired revenge on Sam Hartley, but to leave the Comanche territory would be sheer suicide. By now, he thought, a large reward must be on his head for his capture, dead or alive. Grimly, he set about making himself comfortable in his new surroundings.

Down the muddy, main stem of Sagebrush many of the townsfolk paused from their business to observe the somber procession that drifted along. His heavy jaw set in determination to avenge the death of his former deputy, Sam Hartley stared straight ahead. By the time he and Jeb had hitched their horses to the rail in front of the town's only funeral parlor, a sparse crowd had collected.

Silently, the two men hoisted Hank Stahl from Sam's horse and carried him inside. Several minutes later, the Mayor of Sagebrush appeared on the scene, followed by Matt Granger, the new sheriff.

"You know as well as I do," the Mayor started orating, "that that no good, thievin', murderin' injun bein' on the loose is a danger to life and property. Sam, you've gotta go get him." Sam knew he'd be asked and he was ready to do his duty. Regretfully, Matt Granger handed over the badge and with it, the office of Sheriff which he'd held only several hours.

Jeb helped Sam make a few minor preparations for the trip into Comanche territory. Finally, Sam faced the grim old-timer and said, "If I'm lucky, I'll be back in the morning. If not, I may never come back!" Jeb looked at him, startled.

"Yuh ain't leavin' me here?" Jeb was deeply hurt. "Why, them redskins'll skin yuh alive."

"I don't think so," said Sam. "Unless I'm very much mistaken, they won't interfere. The Kid deserted his tribe. Out of respect for his father, they'll probably take him back, but they won't protect him." Having been a trailblazer for years, Sam was well acquainted with Indian customs.

Jeb made a lonely and heartbroken picture as he stood in the center of the street watching Sam trotting off to a vanishing point somewhere on the horizon.

It was early the next morning that Sam first noticed smoke signals coming from the direction in which he was headed. He'd deliberately taken a trail

to insure advance knowledge of his coming.

All activity ceased in the Comanche village as Sam calmly walked his mount toward the chief's tent. As he alighted, the chief emerged and grasped his hand in friendly greeting. An understanding look passed between them.

"I know why you have come," said the chief, "and we will not interfere in the white man's justice. But since the man you are after is of our tribe, we cannot help you."

"I understand," answered the lawman. "If you will just tell me where I can find him, I'll do the rest."

"I am here!" Sam spun around in his tracks, his hands dropping instinctively to his gun butts. But he stopped there. He was looking down the barrel of a long Winchester. "I will not be taken," sneered the renegade Comanche. In the next instant the Kid had cocked the rifle and was about to blow Sam's head off. Sam laughed suddenly. The Kid lowered the rifle and glowered at him furiously.

"Why do you laugh?" he demanded.

"What will your people think if you kill me this way?" laughed Sam. "They will say the Comanche Kid is a coward . . . that he is afraid to fight his enemies on fair terms. And from beyond the grave your father and I will laugh loud."

"Enough!" cried the Kid, flinging the rifle to the ground. He gestured for the spectators to give him room and stepped back, sneering at Sam. The lawman unbuckled his gun belt and let it drop into the dust. Cautiously, the two circled around each other.

Suddenly, the Kid lunged forward. Sam side-stepped and shot his foot out, tripping the Kid. Then, he flung himself down, hoping to subdue the Kid quickly. But the Indian was too alert. He rolled over on the ground, escaping Sam's clutches.

In the next instant, the two men were flailing wildly at each other in a cloud of dust. Quickly, the Kid saw an opportunity and reached for Sam's leg. Before he could apply any pressure, however, Sam reared up and kicked hard. The Kid went flying through space. In the next moment he was back, but it had been enough time to permit Sam to regain a stand.

As the Kid charged wildly, Sam shot out a fist that clipped the Kid's jaw. The Kid stopped short, surprised. Another fist shot out and another and another. Out on his feet, the Kid finally dropped.

Sam rapidly set to work binding him with rawhide, and as he prepared to depart, he looked up at the sun. It was still pretty early. He figured he'd be back in Sagebrush by noon.

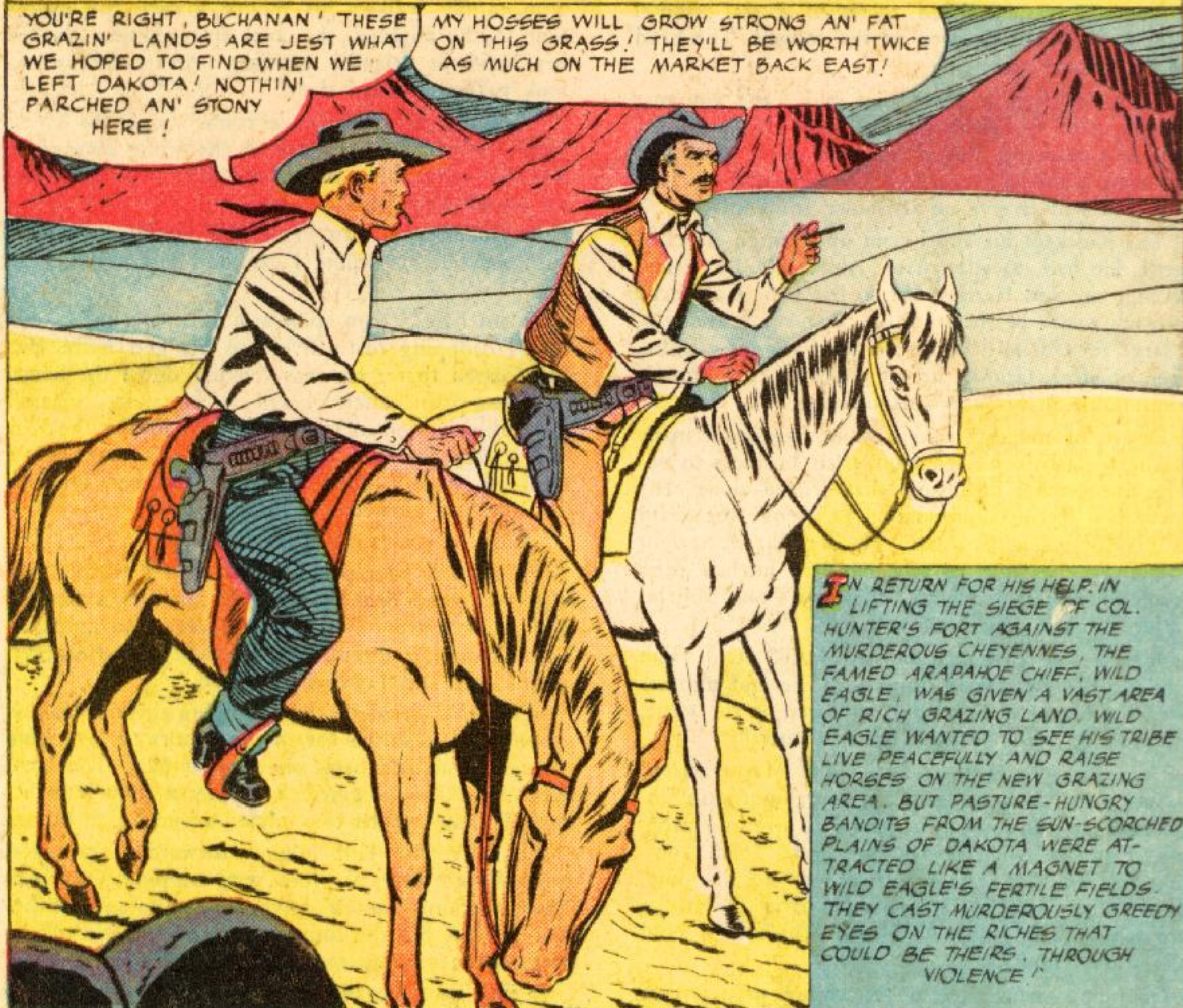
"Guess I was lucky," he thought to himself as he spurred his horse into a slow trot.

The End

DEATH GRAZES the ARAPAHOE RANGE

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCHANAN! THESE GRAZIN' LANDS ARE JEST WHAT WE HOPED TO FIND WHEN WE LEFT DAKOTA! NOTHIN' PARCHED AN' STONY HERE!

MY HOSSES WILL GROW STRONG AN' FAT ON THIS GRASS! THEY'LL BE WORTH TWICE AS MUCH ON THE MARKET BACK EAST!



IN RETURN FOR HIS HELP IN LIFTING THE SIEGE OF COL. HUNTER'S FORT AGAINST THE MURDEROUS CHEYENNES, THE FAMED ARAPAHOE CHIEF, WILD EAGLE, WAS GIVEN A VAST AREA OF RICH GRAZING LAND. WILD EAGLE WANTED TO SEE HIS TRIBE LIVE PEACEFULLY AND RAISE HORSES ON THE NEW GRAZING AREA. BUT PASTURE-HUNGRY BANDITS FROM THE SUN-SCORCHED PLAINS OF DAKOTA WERE ATTRACTED LIKE A MAGNET TO WILD EAGLE'S FERTILE FIELDS. THEY CAST MURDEROUSLY GREEDY EYES ON THE RICHES THAT COULD BE THEIRS, THROUGH VIOLENCE!

WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? DRIVE THEM HERDS INTO THE PASTURE! WE'LL SIT HERE TILL FALL!

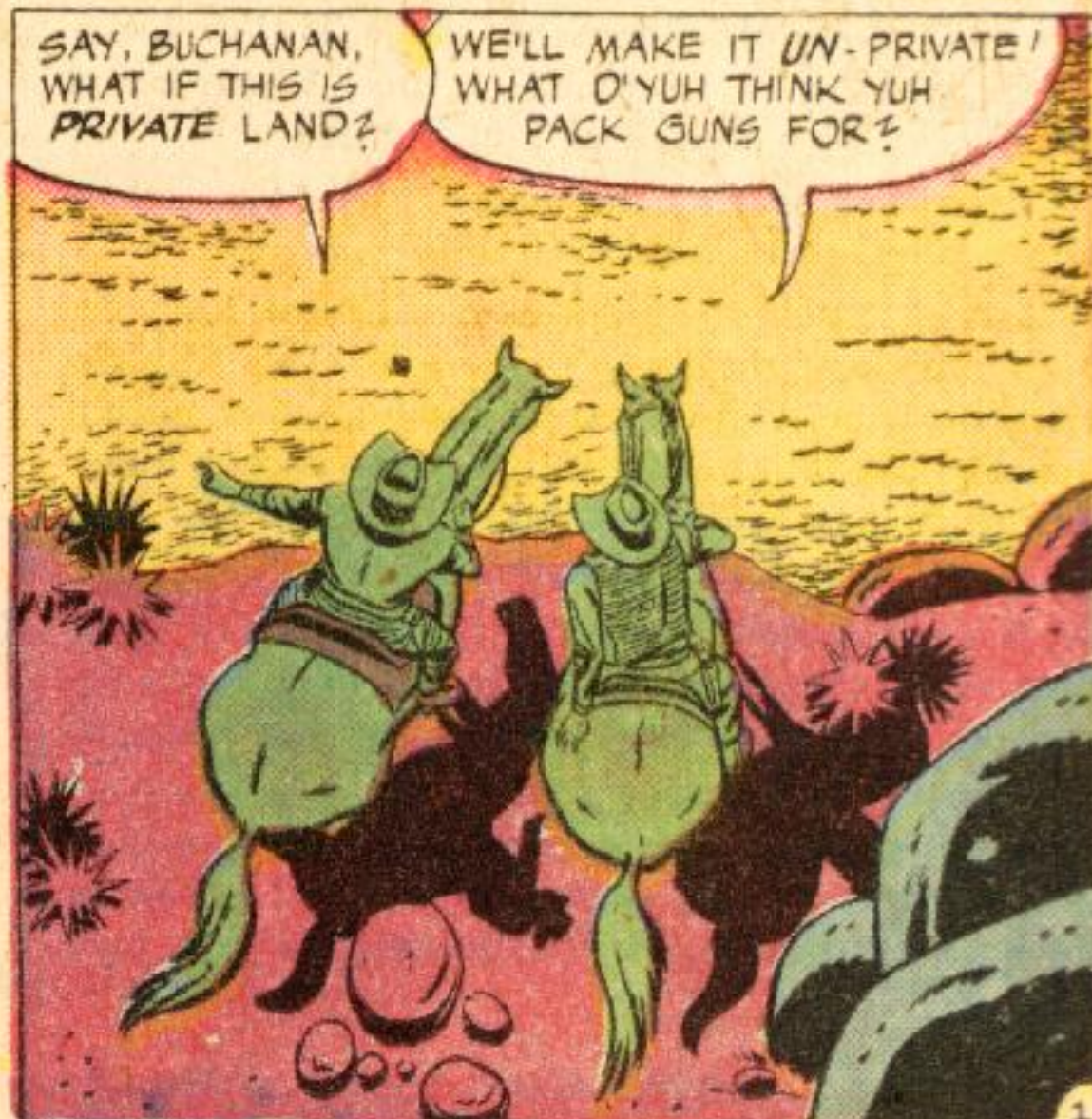
TIPP! YEEE! GIT ALONG!

BANG!
BANG!



SAY, BUCHANAN, WHAT IF THIS IS PRIVATE LAND?

WE'LL MAKE IT UN-PRIVATE! WHAT O'YUH THINK YUH PACK GUNS FOR?



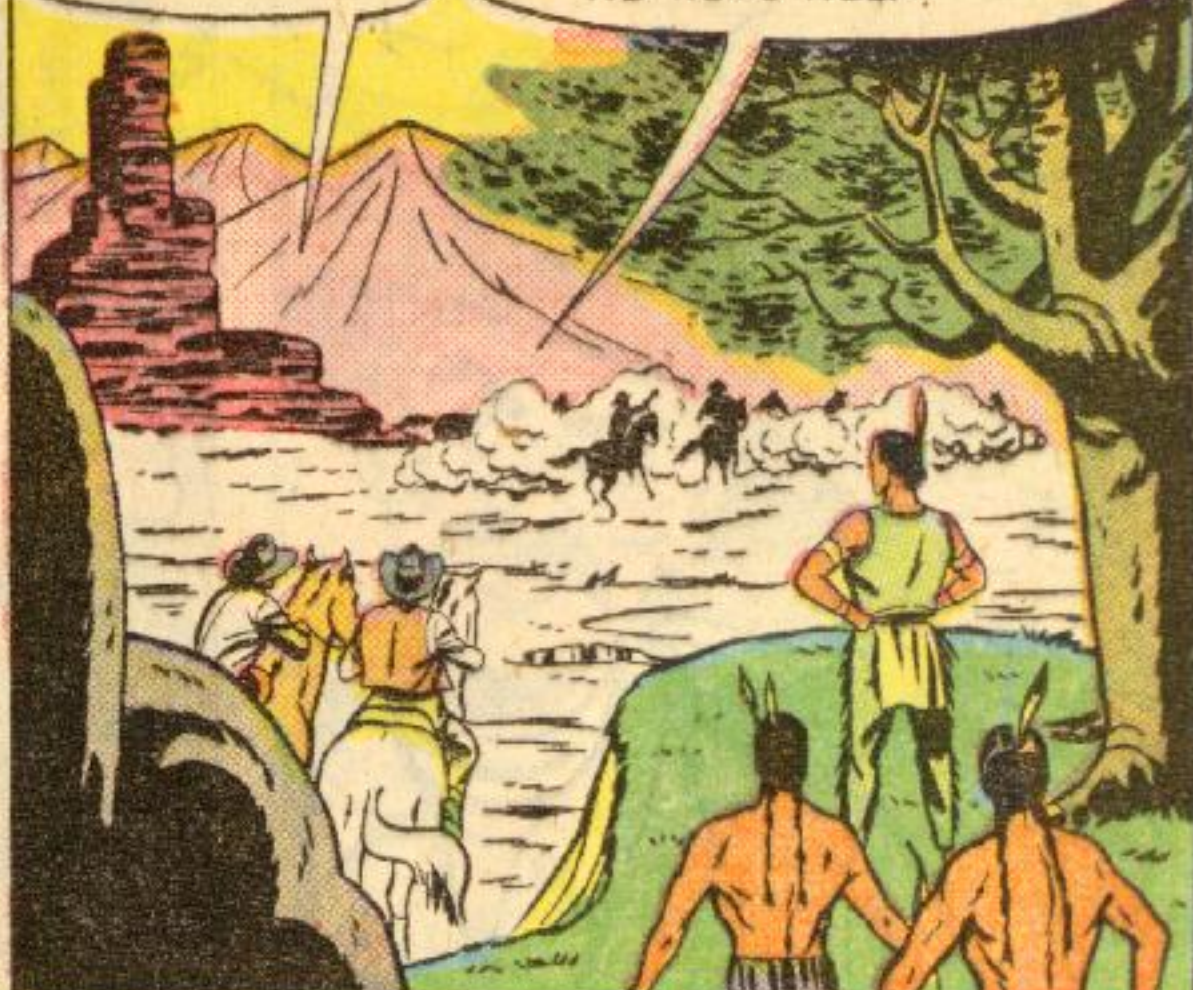


I WILL RISK MY LIFE TO PROTECT WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS! NOW GET YOUR HERD OUT OF HERE!



YUH GOIN' TO TAKE THIS FROM AN INJUN, BUCHANAN?

I'LL SEE HIM DEAD FIRST! BUT WE AIN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE ON WILD EAGLE'S TRIBE! WE NEED HELP!



THEIR GREED IS GREAT, WILD EAGLE! THEY WILL RETURN!

WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM! IF BUCHANAN WANTS A FIGHT, HE'LL GET IT!



THAT NIGHT, AS BUCHANAN APPROACHED THE MAIN CAMP OF OTHER PASTURE-HUNGRY HORSE-RAISERS...

THEY WON'T GO IN WITH YUH, BUCHANAN! THEM HORSE-RAISERS ARE HONEST! THEY'LL GO BROKE BEFORE THEY BREAK THE LAW!

THEY ALL GOT BIG INVESTMENTS! THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT IF THEY DON'T FIND GRAZIN' LAND!



SORRY, BUCHANAN! MY HORSES NEED GOOD FEEDIN' GROUND, BUT THAT LAND WAS GIVEN TO THE ARAPAHOS AND I WON'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM!

ME NEITHER! I MIGHT GO BROKE, BUT I WON'T TURN OUT-LAW!



AN INJUN IS A BORN THIEF! THEY'LL START RUSTLIN'! YUH WON'T LEAVE THIS TERRITORY WITH ONE HOSS TO YORE NAME!

WE'LL MEET THAT SITUATION IF AND WHEN IT COMES! TILL THEN, WE AIN'T JUMPIN' THEIR LAND!



BUT THE MARKETS ARE BEGGIN' FOR MUSTANGS! EUROPE, SOUTH AMERICA, THE EAST—THEY'RE ALL PAYIN' FANCY PRICES FOR FARM AN' RIDIN' HOSSES! AN' YUH'RE WILLIN' TO GO BANKRUPT BEFORE BEATIN' THEM INJUNS TO THE PUNCH! IT'S DISGUSTIN'!

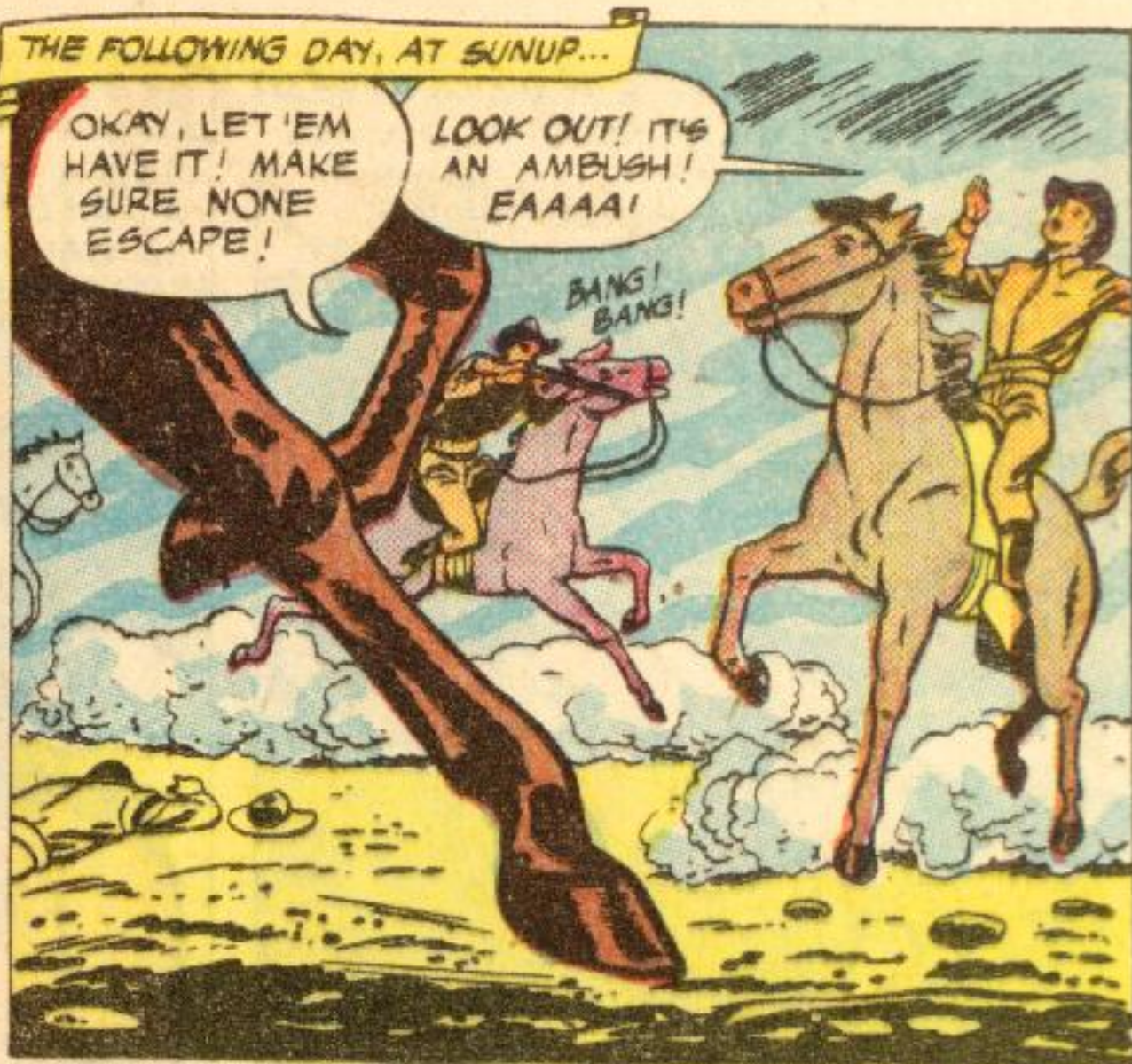
THET'S THE WRONG WORD, BUCHANAN! IT'S BEIN' HONEST!





WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BUCHANAN?

IF THE BIBLE-READIN' DO-GOODERS WON'T GO IN WITH ME, I'LL MAKE 'EM! BEFORE I'M DONE, THEY'LL BE ROARIN' FOR WILD EAGLE'S SCALP!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT SUNUP...

OKAY, LET 'EM HAVE IT! MAKE SURE NONE ESCAPE!

LOOK OUT! IT'S AN AMBUSH! EAAAA!

BANG! BANG!



GOT A DOZEN NAGS ROUNDED UP HERE, BUCHANAN!

GOOD! RUN 'EM INTO THE INJUN HERD AN' LET 'EM MIX! THE REST OF YOU GUYS GET BUSY STICKIN' ARROWS INTO THEM STIFFS! THIS HAS TO LOOK LIKE AN ARAPAHOE AMBUSH!



LATER THAT DAY...

WILD EAGLE! LOOK! PALEFACE HORSES!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! ROUND UP ALL THE MUSTANGS THAT DO NOT BELONG TO US! I WILL TAKE THEM BACK TO THE HORSE HERDERS! PERHAPS THEY HAVE STRAYED!



BUT AS WILD EAGLE APPROACHED THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

HERE THEY COME NOW, THE MURDERIN' COYOTES! WITH JIM BRITT'S HOSSES!

WILD EAGLE! THE PALEFACES RUN TOWARD US WITH GUNS!



THEIR FRIENDS LIE DEAD, WITH ARAPAHOE ARROWS STUCK IN THEIR BODIES! SOME DEVIL HAS PLAYED A TERRIBLE TRICK UPON US!



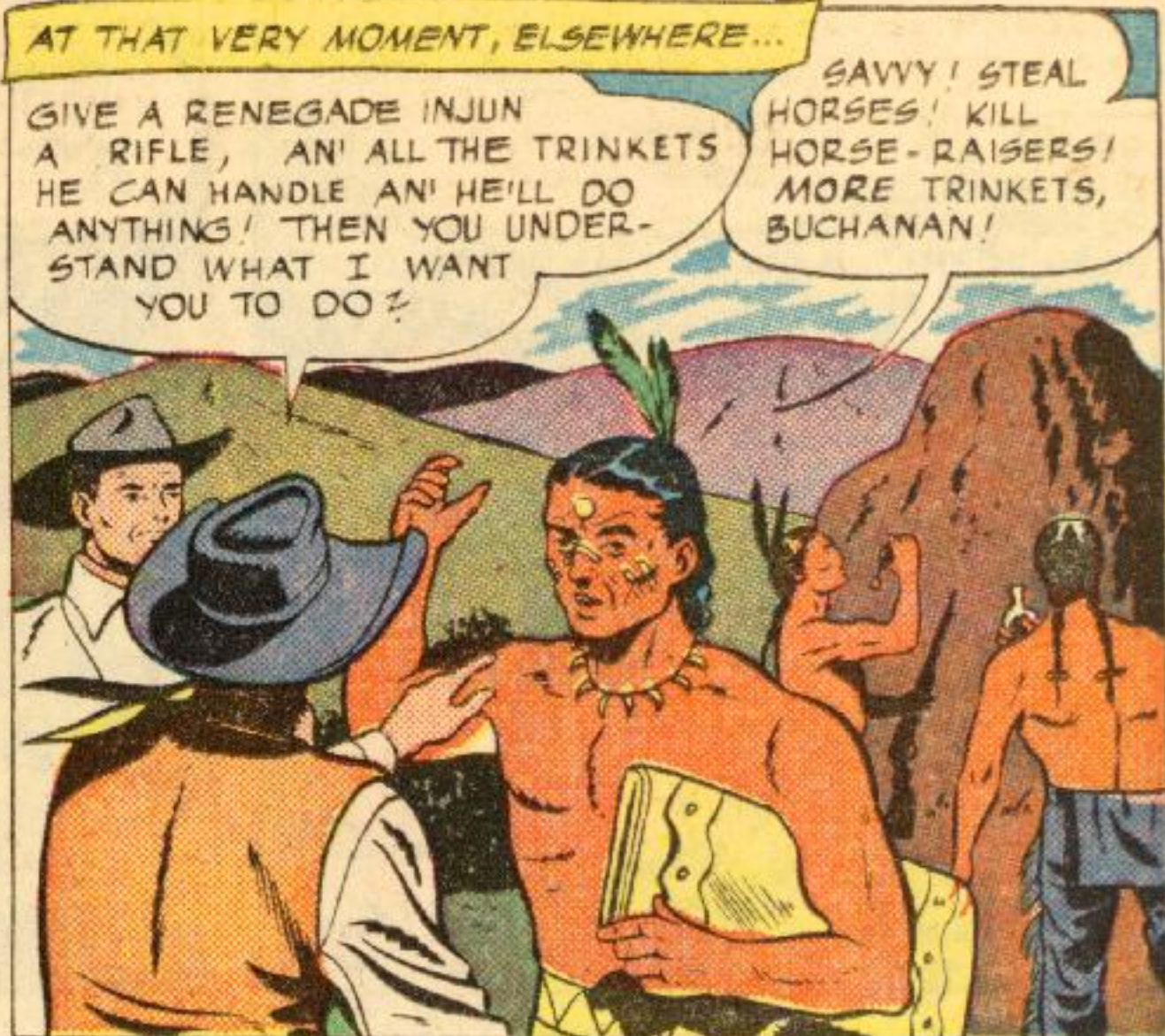
DO NOT SHOOT, PALEFACES! A TRICK HAS BEEN PLAYED UPON YOU! I CRAVE A TRUCE! OHHHH!

ANSWER THEM BACK-STABBIN' POLECATS WITH LEAD! BUCHANAN WARNED US ABOUT 'EM, BUT WE DIDN'T LISTEN!



BUCHANAN! HE IS BEHIND THIS SCHEME!

RETREAT, MY BROTHERS! A CUNNING VILLAIN HAS MADE IT SEEM THAT WE ARE THEIR ENEMIES!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ELSEWHERE...

GIVE A RENEGADE INJUN A RIFLE, AN' ALL THE TRINKETS HE CAN HANDLE AN' HE'LL DO ANYTHING! THEN YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO?

SAVVY! STEAL HORSES! KILL HORSE-RAISERS! MORE TRINKETS, BUCHANAN!

WITH FIREWATER BLAZING IN THEIR VEINS, AND GREED FOR TRINKETS IN THEIR HEARTS, THE RENEGADE ARAPAHOES ATTACKED!

WAKE UP! IT'S INJUNS!

KILL! KILL FOR CHIEF WILD EAGLE!

YIPP! YIPP!

AS DAYS PASSED, AND MORE HORSES WERE RUSTLED AND MORE HORSE-WRANGLERS WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED...

IT'S THE ARAPAHOES! HERE'S A DEAD BRAVE TO PROVE IT! BUCHANAN, YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THEM REDSKINS!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WASTIN' TIME FOR? LET'S MOVE IN ON THE MURDERIN' SKUNKS!

AN HOUR LATER...

PALEFACES! THEY COME WITH THE STRENGTH OF AN ARMY!

I HAVE WAITED TOO LONG TO VISIT COL. HUNTER!

DO NOT FIGHT, MY BRAVES! IT IS NOT COWARDICE I COUNSEL, BUT WISDOM! OUR QUARREL DOES NOT LIE WITH THE HORSE-RAISERS, BUT WITH BUCHANAN! WE MUST SEEK THE ADVICE OF COL. HUNTER!

BANG! BANG!

EEAAA!

NOT ONLY DO WE GIT THEIR LAND, BUCHANAN— BUT WE'LL TAKE THEIR HOSSES, TOO!

I'M HEADIN' FOR FORT BOWIE TO SEE COL. HUNTER ABOUT RE-VOKIN' THE CESSION RIGHTS!

HOURS LATER, AT FORT BOWIE, AS WILD EAGLE EXPLAINED HIS PREDICAMENT TO COL. HUNTER...

SO YOU BELIEVE BUCHANAN HIRED RENEGADE ARAPAHOS TO DO THE MISCHIEF, EH?

J. J. BUCHANAN TO SEE YOU, COLONEL!

BUCHANAN HERE! NOW WE'LL KNOW THE REASON FOR THESE CRIMES! I'LL HIDE IN THE NEXT ROOM!



IN THE NAME OF US MIGRATING HORSE-RAISERS, I DEMAND YOU REVOKE THEM MURDERING ARAPAHOS' LAND GRANT AND TURN THE LAND OVER TO US!

YOU'LL HAVE MY DECISION IN A FEW DAYS, BUCHANAN!



I DON'T BLAME THE HORSE-RAISERS! THEY'VE BEEN HIT BAD BY THE WEATHER AND FALLING PRICES! BUT BUCHANAN IS A DEVIL! GIVE ME ONE DAY, COLONEL, AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!

I HOPE SO, WILD EAGLE! THE EVIDENCE IS STRONGLY AGAINST YOUR TRIBESMEN!



THAT NIGHT, AS HOSTILE EARS LISTENED IN...

THIS IS HOW WE'LL TRAP BUCHANAN! I WILL RIDE CLOSE TO HIS CAMP AND TAUNT HIM INTO FOLLOWING ME TO SNAKE GORGE! THERE YOU WILL SPRING INTO SIGHT AND THREATEN TO DESTROY HIS MEN WITH AN AVALANCHE UNLESS THEY TELL THE TRUTH!

AN EXCELLENT IDEA, WILD EAGLE!



BUT AS RENEGADE INDIAN AND RENEGADE WHITE MAN MET AN HOUR LATER...

SO THAT'S HIS PLAN! THE TABLES WILL BE TURNED! OUR INJUNS WILL BE WAITING AT SNAKE GORGE FOR WILD EAGLE, NOT HIS!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

IT'S CHIEF WILD EAGLE! AFTER HIM! WE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE!

BANG! BANG!

HEH! HEH! THE DUMB INJUN IS RACIN' TO HIS OWN FUNERAL!



MINUTES LATER...

(GASP!) YOU'RE NOT MY TRIBESMEN!

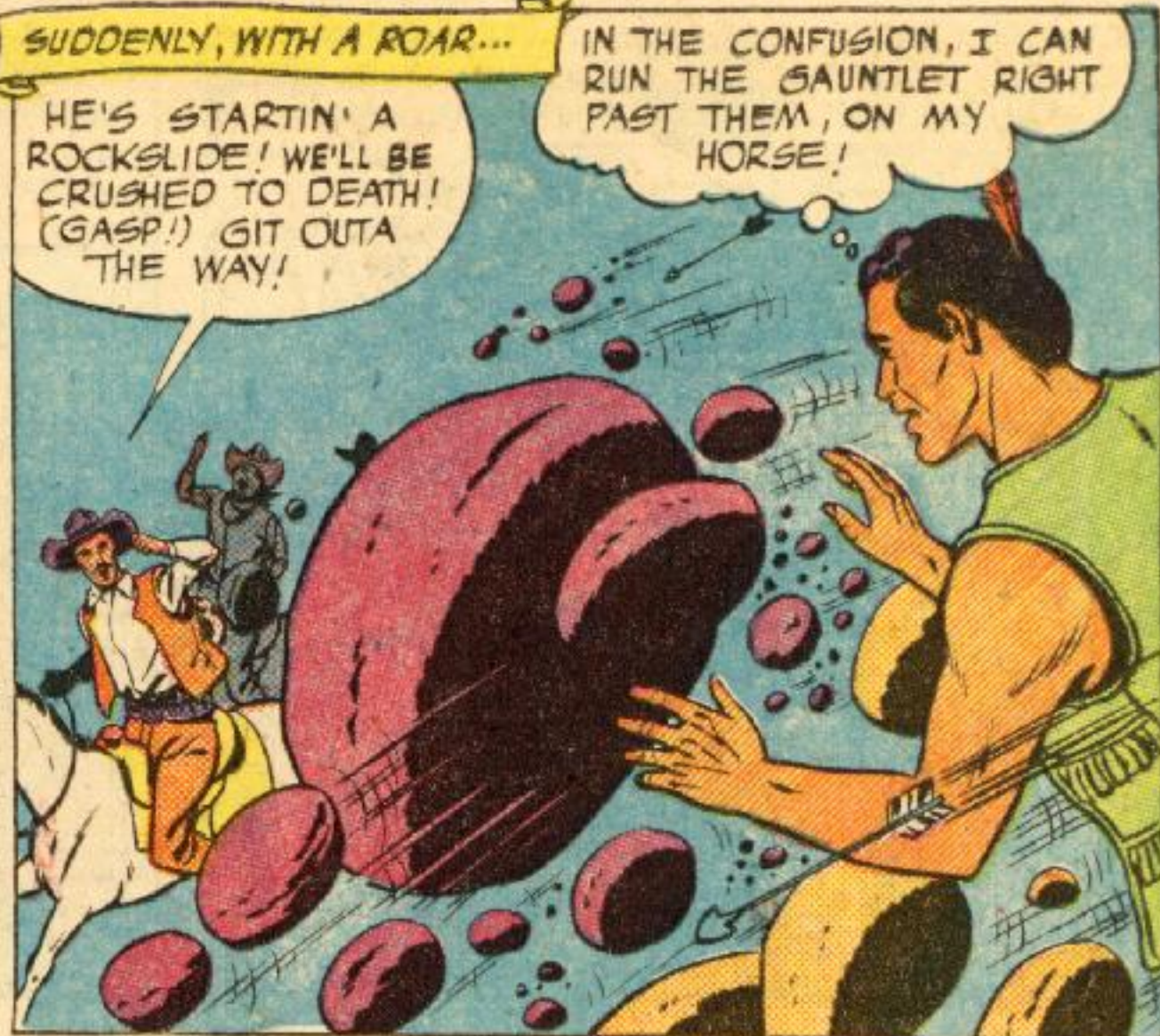
NO, WILD EAGLE! WE ARE THE OUTCASTS OF THE ARAPAHOS! PREPARE FOR DEATH!





IT'S THE END OF THE ROAD, WILD EAGLE! MY RENEGADE FRIENDS GOT HERE IN TIME TO WIPE OUT YOUR PEACE-LOVIN' BROTHERS! NOW IT'S YORE TURN TO GO!

THE WAY THESE BOULDERS ARE ARRANGED, PERHAPS I CAN START AN AVALANCHE THAT WILL CLEAR MY PATH!



SUDDENLY, WITH A ROAR...

HE'S STARTIN' A ROCKSLIDE! WE'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH! (GASP!) GIT OUTA THE WAY!

IN THE CONFUSION, I CAN RUN THE SAUNTLET RIGHT PAST THEM, ON MY HORSE!



QUICK! AFTER HIM!

BUT AS WILD EAGLE NEARED THE HORSE-RAISERS' ENCAMPMENT...

LOOK WHO'S WITH BUCHANAN! ARAPAHOES! AN' THEY'RE CHASIN' THE WILD EAGLE! BUCHANAN MUST BE IN CAHOOTS WITH THE REDSKINS!

HORSE-RAISERS FROM THE CAMP! (GASP!) THEY'LL SIZE UP THE FRAME-UP IN A SECOND!



THE CRAFTY SKUNK! HE'S SETTIN' FIRE TO THE GRASSLAND TO PUT A WALL O' FIRE BETWEEN HIM AN' ANY PURSUERS!

LOOK! WILD EAGLE IS PLUNGIN' IN AFTER HIM!



WITH SINGED HAIR, WILD EAGLE DASHED THROUGH THE FLAMES...

YOU GO NO FARTHER, BUCHANAN!



HOURS LATER, AS THE FLAMES OF GRASS DIED DOWN, AND THE FLAME OF A SUN DAWNING ON A NEW DAY REDDENED THE SKY...

WE HAD YUH ALL WRONG, WILD EAGLE! FORGIVE US FOR BEIN' SO STUPID AS TO BELIEVE A RAT LIKE BUCHANAN!

IT IS RIGHT THAT WE SHARE OUR FORTUNE WITH OUR PALEFACE FRIENDS! GRAZE YOUR HORSES ON OUR LAND UNTIL THEY ARE READY FOR SELLING! WILD EAGLE HAS SPOKEN!

The End

"There's no such animal," he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a *sure thing* I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It *automatically* wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse...?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today.

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds *automatically* from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

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